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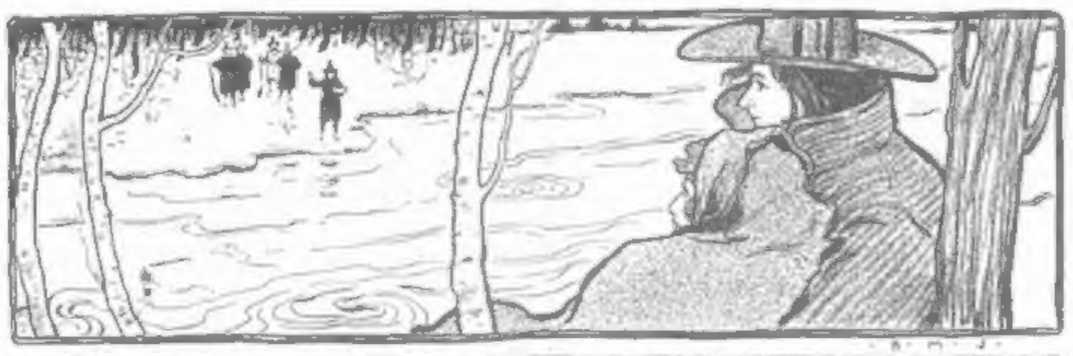

CLAD IN DOUBLET AND HOSE

By May Kelsey Champion

UNDER the shade of the trees the little band of worshipers turned their steps down the narrow path leading from the meeting-house. Just a handful of men, strong and stern, and of women, serene and placid, but all with the gravity of demeanor and slowness of step that befitted a Lord's Day morning in the middle sixteens, in the land of the Sober Dissenters. It formed a characteristic picture of the life of the time, and represented all phases and complexions of thought and opinion.

It was only the young people who had gathered about the door—the young men of the guard and the young women with the scarlet and blue petticoats.

"Marked you the stranger?" asked one, as he rested his heavy musket against the horse-block.

"Who is he?"

"Truth, and I know not."

"They do say a Ruling Elder from one of the New Haven plantations," said another, a young man who had just come down from the look-out post on top of the building.

"From whose church or ministry I know no more than the rest. But see, Ursula, he is going home with your mother to mid-day meal. He spent last night at the ordinary. Jonathan Rudd saw him riding along the common way past the fort just a little time before the sun-setting."

The young girl whom they called Ursula glanced back at the Deacon's pew, to catch a glimpse at the stranger whose presence had such a distracting effect on the little band of devout worshipers, there assembled on that lovely and bright Lord's Day morning.

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"Hush! he is looking," she said, "and it has been told and repeated to us that 'tis a sin exceeding scandalous and dreadful to be talking in the meeting-house porch on the Sabbath. Anthony Bassacres wants a second sermon to the purpose, it is clear," and with another curious glance at the stranger with the forbidding face, who was certainly coming with her mother, she turned and passed through the paling a little while before they did.

These two, the Widow Priden and her guest, walked slowly on, in most serious discourse of the morning lesson.

"Yes, truly; it was sound in doctrine, very manna for the lovers of Zion, and, we will hope, a solemn warning to sinful sons of Korah." The Elder, as he spoke, trod with a harsh crunch upon an ant-hill that was building in the path, and frowned in severe condemnation at the little insects fleeing in all directions from their Sunday labor.

"Your daughter?" he asked, after a little, as he watched the young girl who walked on quietly before them.

"Ursula."

"I trust the young maid is well and truly founded in doctrine."

"It is my custom to catechise her daily in the Scriptures," replied the widow, a note of satisfaction in her words. New Haven church should find small matter for criticism as to that in her family.

"Truly, the maid has a seemly carriage," thought the Elder, as Ursula joined none of the young people who had overtaken her, but walked alone, with slow steps and downcast look. "She demeans herself modestly." Then to the widow, "I will examine her between the two services. I doubt not she be sound and orthodox in her fundamentals."

A short curve took Ursula beyond the sight of those who followed. The joy and gladness of the morning were gone now. It was as if all things drooped under the heaviness of the long, tiresome sermon. Ursula was very weary, and her steps lingered.

By the side of the footpath a wild rose blossom bent its head under the scorching heat of the sun. She stretched out her hand with a gentle caress, and the flower, grateful for the unwonted touch, broke from its stalk and remained a sweet flower in her fair fingers. Poor Ursula!

"Verily, it is not as I deemed," thought the Elder, as, the path having straightened again, his stern eye beheld the motion.

"She is easily enticed and drawn away by the frivolities of the world, if such wanton picking be not an actual profanation of the Sabbath. It needs be that I add a chastisement to the catechism." But reaching the Widow Priden's house-lot by this time, he made no reference to the offense for the time.

Ursula's mother opened her best room for her guest, who, straightway settling himself on a form by the window, with his kerchief thrown over his head as a barrier against argumentative and anti-Christian flies, was soon lost in a deep and heavy reflection.

Ursula took a pewter drinking-cup from a hook in the kitchen and ran upstairs to her own small loft.

Poor little Sunday rose! Was it, too, weighed down with a sense of the wrath and judgments it was pulling down upon itself? She placed it tenderly in the water, smoothing its drooping leaves and wondering if it, more than she, knew how to "curb its proud humors," as the minister had charged.

But "Ursula! Ursula!" her mother's voice was calling below, and with another loving touch she left it and went down.

"You waste much time, Ursula. The Elder will observe that the sin of the sluggard is sore upon you. Here, child, the silver spoons, not the alchemy, and the pewter trenches. He must be hungry, for the victualing at the ordinary is none of the best."

Visitors were rare enough to the Saybrook colony, and this was a guest of such distinction that the widow moved about with a haste that was almost week-day and wicked.

"Now a dish of fresh water from the spring, and all is ready. Where is the other drinking-cup, Ursula?"

Ursula rested the water-jar on the door-step before emptying it. "There are two on the hooks, and I do not care for water," she said. Then, as her mother still searched the dresser, "It is in my room."

The Widow Priden placed the two upon the table and turned to her daughter. It was not well when the Widow Priden was displeased.

"Indeed! Our parcel of worldly goods is then grown to so great measure in this wilderness place that we already have to remove a part of them to the loft above!" she said. "Bring it down, Ursula, and let us have no more such carelessness."

"But, truly, mother, I am not thirsty, and the rose which I plucked on the side of the footpath coming home will fade."

"Gathering flowers on the way home from meeting! Does the sermon then rest so lightly upon you that you make no scruples of forgetting it is the Sabbath Day?"

Ursula had not known that her mother's brows were so black nor her form so tall.

"Would a man harvest his wheat on the Sabbath?" she continued, as the blue eyes fell back to the water-jar. "And your own doings are but of a piece. Go to your room, child, and it is to be hoped that under the humbling frowns of conscience you will come to a better spirit. I must speak to the Elder about you."

Ursula's pretty eyes filled with tears, but she would not lay the blame on the rose. It had grown to have a soul, too, with her now, and she felt that it breathed out a tender, sweet sympathy with the fragrance which had filled her room.

She threw herself on the bed, and only a few of the tears escaped down her cheeks, for she was soon lost in a light sleep. It must have been but a short time after, though it might have been hours, when she heard the stools moving away from the table.

Raising her head, she listened.

"As a seed which might bring forth a harvest of evil it is a matter of no small concernment," the Elder was saying. "I will speak with the maid. 'Tis not likely the deed was one of high-handed presumption, but, more like, only of unawakenedness of the worldly to the true sense of the transgression."

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What a thin, high-pitched voice he had—very disagreeable! She had, indeed, scarcely heard it before.

And now it was her mother:

"I have done my best endeavor to bring up in learning such family as the Father of Mercies has blessed me withal, but I will deem it kindness if you will speak as you say." And Ursula heard herself called again.

She rose and went down, her face flushed from her sleep, and her yellow hair escaping about her forehead in tendrils truly wayward and non-dissenting—a very pretty sinner, indeed, as she went into the best room, where the Elder waited for her.

It may have been that behind the rugged brow, seamed with its perpetual frown, that thought crept in, even though it was the Sabbath Day, as Ursula, with downcast eyes and very pink cheeks, stood before him reciting her catechism.

She knew it well, answering without slip, and the Elder's face grew less severe, though she did not see it, studying the marks of the axe on the floor timbers.

He had been listening to a growing temptation to lighten the chastisement when the drum sounded for the afternoon meeting, and now it would be necessary to defer it altogether. The transgression seemed not so enormous with the transgressor before him, lifting her great blue eyes to his in such a sweet, pure way.

"Yes, child; go and make yourself prepared," he replied to her unspoken question. "Your hair a little—smoother," he added doubtfully, looking at her as he spoke.

The poor little rose rested all night in the pewter drinking-cup without bringing more trouble to Ursula. It was as if it never had been. Neither was the subject renewed in the early morning.

"I find your daughter having a competency of knowledge in the principles of religion,"

DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

"SHE WAS, INDEED, A VERY PRETTY SINNER"

the Elder had said to the Widow Priden the night before, "but she needs discipline—wise discipline—lest through inadvertency she become entangled in the net of worldly temptation."

"Yes?" the widow said slowly in question. She had thought to have performed faithfully all those duties of instruction and humiliation. It might be that she had grown a little proud, even, with her approving conscience

"I deem it not necessary that it be too severe," the Elder continued, "for it appears that she is in an humble and repentant spirit now, but I will privilege myself to administer it if it be your wish."

The Widow Priden would have preferred to assume the responsibility herself, but the church officer sat waiting, and she assented with what courtesy she could.

Having taken the heaviness of the responsibility, the Elder gave himself to considering the way in which he should do his duty. It was clear that the sin should not go unheeded, and before he slept he had determined upon several severities. But in the morning again, as he watched Ursula deftly putting the table in order for the morning meal, he found that all his inclination toward them had fled.

"A fair maid and a handy," he mused, as Ursula lightly lifted a kettle of steaming Indian from the trammel. "Truly a woman's gentle ways are pleasant in a household. Abigail's steps are heavy, and she sore needeth a mistress."

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The breakfast had been a dreaded occasion to Ursula, but it passed without happening, and as soon as possible after she went to the spring, in the hope that her mother's guest would have left before her return. He had already ordered his horse brought round from the ordinary.

It was cool and beautiful under the trees, and Ursula threw herself on the grass, still dewy though it was, her arm under her head. She coaxed a blackbird in its own notes to answer her, and it was not shy. The spot was so apart, and human visitors so infrequent, that it had not learned to fear.

Raising her head she looked up at the sky. "When the sun climbs to the top of the tall tree by the wading-place, I will go back," she said aloud, as the bird flew off. "He must have set out by then."

Meantime, of course, it was sinful, but it was very delightful to be idle, and to be idle just here; so, sinking back into the moss she listened to the spring murmuring of its great ambitions. It was really going somewhere—out of the Saybrook colony into the great river, the sound, the ocean.

A crackling of the underbrush aroused her. Perhaps it was Jonathan Rudd going home; he was one of the watch last night. They often happened to meet of late when she came in the morning for water. She wondered why—they never used to. He would think her very idle, and with sudden haste she caught up her jar and placed it under the spring.

But it was a horse's footfall, and Ursula turned to see before her a figure that had grown unpleasantly familiar, with its buck's leather doublet, darnex waistcoat and green knit hose—the Elder himself.

He drew up his horse by the spring.

"Ursula, I have somewhat to say to thee before leaving," he said, bending his tall figure under an obstructing branch. "After grave consideration and according to my best wisdom and light, I deem it the Lord's will that we should marry."

"But," began Ursula, all frightened and wonder-eyed, and shrinking from any nearness to the rider, "but I do not——"

"Yes, I know," said the Elder. "You would say that you do not walk in righteousness and are grown to a great height of impiety; 'tis but natural. But it is not because you are already good that I take you, Ursula. 'Tis to aid in the furtherance of your goodness that I wish to marry you."

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It was difficult for even a ruling Elder of a New Haven plantation to look long with severity upon the golden head, bowed under a ray of sunlight which had struggled down through the tree tops, and, conscious of a most unnatural disturbance beneath his darnex waistcoat, he made haste to ride on.

"It must be that I go further, now," he said, drawing his horse from the sassafras growth on which it was browsing, "but if there be no Providential hindrance, I shall be in the Saybrook again come six months or less, when the marriage covenant shall be solemnized. Meantime, it shall be my petition that your backslidings may be healed;" and threading his long, thin fingers through his horse's rein the Elder rode down the path.

Ursula gazed after him. So startled and bewildered she was that the water rushed over the sides of the jar into the pool beneath unheeded. She did not even hear another rustling among the bushes, and not until there came a quick step and familiar voice by her side, did she turn.

"What said the Elder to you, Ursula, that should cause you to look as if you had seen some twenty skulking Indians?"

Even Jonathan Rudd's honest face could not reassure her, and she answered rather to satisfy herself that the words were real, than in reply to his anxious question.

"He said that in six months he was coming to—to marry me; it was the Lord's will."

"And what did you say?" he asked, peering through the trees as if they had not long since hidden horse and rider.

"I—I am not sure that I replied at all," said Ursula, by no means certain of anything except a sort of protection in Jonathan's scowl. "I think he did not expect it. It is to be a furtherance toward my perfecting, he said; because I am grown to so great height of impiety. Oh, Jonathan, it is very bad to be so sinful."

"Is it?" asked Jonathan quietly. "I should think it might be—very." Then, after a little: "I think you are much too wicked for the Elder, Ursula; much too great a wrong-doer for him to make effort to reform."

A tear fell into the spring as Ursula turned her face from him.

"And you, too, find me so—so abounding in sin?" she said, looking at him appealingly.

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Then Jonathan took her in his great, strong arms. He could not be amused; her self-condemning was too pathetic. "Oh, Ursula, Ursula," he said, smoothing the hair from the white forehead. "Have you broken all the Commandments at once that you accuse yourself so? You could not be happy with the Elder?" he asked suddenly, a new thought throbbing in his brain and the juniper trees reeling before him.

"Jonathan, I should die!" And as Ursula's hands were not free her face could hide itself only in Jonathan's honest brown jerkin.

"One need be prepared," he murmured under his breath. "Some do not stick to say that he treats his creatures better than his wives, two having died already with the hard work." Then, drawing her to him: "Poor little girl!" he said. "Ursula, this world would be all a desert place to me without you. Could you deem it full with me alone?"

Only Jonathan could have caught the single syllable that was all her reply, but he repeated "Ursula, Ursula," as if there were never half so sweet a name before.

And all the time the water was running over the jar into the brook and away; the sun had climbed far above the tree by the wading-place—and still they stayed.

"To-night I will speak to your mother," said Jonathan when at last they turned back toward the house, "but I do not see it cause and case of necessity that the proposal of the Elder be mentioned, do you? She might not believe you so exceeding great a sinner as you are," he added, and this time Ursula looked up and smiled a little, too.

The days sped on; the leaves grew large and fell; chill evenings, with their blazing sunsets of crimson and gold, and blue and green followed close; and then the grayness of all things—the pallor of death which sorrowing Nature makes haste to cover with her snowy winding-sheet. In their hearts the people of the Saybrook colony yearned for England.

Excepting Ursula Priden and Jonathan Rudd. Upon Jonathan the Widow Priden had always looked with favor. Being possessed of a competent farm and carrying good behavior in his course of life, she saw no reason to deny him the hand of Ursula, she said.

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And Ursula spun and was happy, and sang, and longed not at all for the soft air and cleared fields of Fenny Compton, where the leaves were still green and the birds singing.

No one did his postures on training-day so well as Jonathan. No one's wheat or maslen grew so tall or so full as his. And surely they were never so safe from the Indians as on those Sundays when he stood in the look-out on the roof of the meeting-house.

So the autumn passed, and Ursula spun and was happy. The linen piled itself up in the chest to such height that all the women in the plantation came to see Ursula Priden's wondrous fitting-out.

Ten pairs of linen sheets, went the report, with pillow-biers and other things in number far beyond the necessary end of convenience. An act of ill example it was, they agreed. Goodman Bendall's daughter had been well content with three pairs of hemp and two of linen.

As for Jonathan Rudd, they did say that he had sent to England, even, for hangings for the best room—of dark green, say, they were to be, it was reported, but no doubt he would have considered Mr. Fenwick's landscape hangings, or even the ones of Cæsar or Susanna, none too good for the Widow Priden's daughter if he could have had them.

But Jonathan knew. A picture had been in his heart all these last weeks. When he broke the high drifts for the cart path, when he kept the watch at night, always there was before him a young girl in a red cloth petticoat standing beside the dark green of the junipers, and he did not count it extravagance to indulge himself thus far. He paid his rates regularly—no one could deny that.

All things were nearly ready for the wedding. The purpose of contract had been read from the pulpit and the contract itself drawn six days ago. Only the day after to-morrow now, and then the marriage covenant would be made.

Ursula sat by the fireplace paring squares of pumpkin for the festival pies, and wondering if she would forget to answer when people called her Mistress Rudd. Would it not seem very strange? The fire from the great six-foot log blazed and roared as the wind rose outside.

"Truly this has grown to be a terrible storm," she said, moving back from the intense heat. "The drifts must be deep, and perhaps Jonathan may not come, as he said."

But she drew the large settle nearer the chimney, and went back to her paring, listening the while that she might not miss the first sound of a possible footfall.

It came soon, and Ursula hastened to the door.

"It was so late, Jonathan, that I was fearing you would not come," she said, as she helped him out of his snowy cloak. "Come to the fire. How cold you are!"

"I have been on a long journey, Ursula."

"Where, Jonathan?"

"To the Pequot plantation, to see Mr. Winthrop. I had discomforting news this morning."

Ursula had sprung up, setting her dish on the form. "In all these drifts, Jonathan! You must have some food first, and then you may tell me the rest."

Jonathan watched her as she sifted the yellow Indian through her fingers and turned on the boiling water, stirring all the time.

"You are thoughtful, Ursula," he said. "I did not know that I was hungry until now."

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She drew a table to his side, and after placing upon it a pitcher of milk and a bowl of the Indian, sat down again to her work, saying nothing until he had finished.

"Now tell me what news you have," she said when she had taken away the dishes. "It may be that it is not as bad as it seemed, or will not be so heavy with two to bear it."

"I fear it might make trouble for both of us," Jonathan said, drawing his hand slowly across his forehead. He was very tired, true enough—Jonathan was. "I saw Humphrey Tracy this morning. He had been up to Hartford town trucking some cattle, and the drifts up along the river are very bad, he says. So deep, already, were they yesterday, that the magistrate sent message by him that if more snow fell during the day he should not be able to come down Thursday, as was his purpose."

"Indeed, a drift need rise to no great height to cover him, or to fright him either, if they say true," said Ursula, as she picked up a paring from the floor. "But the snow will melt, I suppose, Jonathan."

"Moreover," he continued, reaching across and taking from her the basin and knife, "moreover, Humphrey Tracy told me—I can do this as well as you, Ursula—that the Elder journeyed with him as far as Tunxis, and said his intendment was for coming here when the storm was done. Being told that the magistrate was like to come also, he said he would make effort to join him."

Ursula's eyes grew troubled. She really feared the man. Truly, her backslidings could by no means be healed with this more than usually unholy aversion in her heart.

"And you journeyed in all the storm to the Pequot colony!" she said. "You charge yourself with too great pains, Jonathan, and I am very cowardly to be afraid. It is not a very brave wife you will have."

Ursula clasped her hands over her knees, and studied the fire. She was glad that Jonathan was so strong and intrepid. How he stood half a head above the other young men of the plantation. And yet how gentle he was when he lifted her over the drifts or across the stepping-stones of the brook.

"Then Mr. Winthrop will come?" she said, after a little.

"Mr. Winthrop said he was sorry to deny us, but being under the Massachusetts he could not marry in this plantation."

Another silence followed, and a longer.

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"The fire grows low, Ursula," Jonathan said at last. "I will bring more wood."

Returning with a heavy stick, he threw it upon the dogs.

"It is cleared," he said, as he raked the burning coals toward the front. "The moon is just rising." And, going back to the settle, he watched the log, hissing and steaming as the sap boiled out, then breaking into flames when bits of the bark dried and caught the fire from below, only to die away again as soon as the greener wood was reached.

"Ursula," he said, after a long time, when the stick was fairly ablaze and the flames roaring up the wide chimney, "Ursula, would you be willing to go to the Pequot plantation? It is through a long tract of wilderness and a dismal; but Mr. Winthrop, though he saw it necessary to deny us the coming here, agreed to meet us at the stream which the Indians call Sunkipaug, if we sent message that we wished that."

Ursula laid her own small hand upon his large, brown one.

"I am more afraid of him who will come with the magistrate than of all the Indians between here and the Pequot," she said. "And who was it, Jonathan, last training-day, who broke with a bullet the shaft of the arrow that the Indian had shot up into the tall pine by the mere-stones?"

"But it will be a strange wedding for my little girl, that is had out-of-doors and at such a journey," he said, smoothing the hand he held and then gently pressing it to his lips.

"'Tis not the custom, true enough, but this is a new country, and we'll set new fashions, Jonathan," she said reassuringly.

"And in midwinter, on the snow."

"Well, is not the whiteness the very thing for brides?" she asked stoutly, though her heart fell as she thought of the pretty wedding gown which could never go so many miles on a pillion. "You men ask for so many things together."

There was a light in Jonathan's face.

"Then I will send Humphrey Tracy's serving-man at sun-up to-morrow with a message to Mr. Winthrop," he said. "His going and coming will make the track the better for us, and by day after to-morrow the snow may have packed a little as well. The drifts were very deep to-night, and it being too dark to see the marked trees, I had like to have lost my way in one on my way here."

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Ursula shivered and drew near him.

"Ah, Jonathan, I am glad you are here by the fireplace and me."

"The howling of wolves after sun-down is not the most cheering music, in truth. I don't deny but I'd rather hear old Windham lined out on a Sabbath with Goodman Guillam's voice to the fore. But I must leave this fireplace and you now—see how the candle is burned down." And Jonathan moved the settle back against the wall.

"You are my own brave Ursula," he said, as he stood by the door with his rough brown coat wrapped well about him, "my own brave Ursula," lifting her face in both his hands. "But the mare is safe, and I will see to it that she knows how precious is the burden she will carry."

The Widow Priden made no objection to the riding to Pequot. "It would not be my choice, the going to the magistrate," she said. But if Jonathan wished it, and Ursula had no fears nor dismayedness at the journey, she was not one to say nay. They did say it was an ill omen to put off a marriage, and nobody could tell when the drifts up along the river would melt.

Brave as she was, a tear was folded in with the wedding gown as Ursula laid it away in its box. Not that for the long ride to the Pequot. Her warmest skirt of scarlet cloth and the dark blue hood and cloak, very common clothes for a bride, but Jonathan did not look as though he minded when he came for her on Thursday.

It was as he had told her, a long and dismal way. Only occasionally did the sun penetrate the close branches so that they felt its warmth, and the cry of the wolves often came too near for safety.

"Are you cold, Ursula? or afraid?" Jonathan turned in his saddle to ask at every few rods.

"Not afraid," she said; "and how could I be cold with such broad shoulders between me and the wind!"

"I fear 'twill be all the worse for you coming back," he said, and opened his coat that it might shelter her better. Men were strong—he could bear a little cold.

"The wind may change by that," said Ursula, laughing. "Why, this is a great day, Jonathan! Everything is for us."

But it was long, and they had grown thoroughly chilled before they rounded a large drift which had turned the path, and saw in front of them the little stream to which Mr. Winthrop had promised to come.

There were several men on the opposite bank, and Ursula grew alarmed.

"Is the magistrate there among them, Jonathan?" she asked, with a hand on the rein.

Jonathan peered through the branches.

"I think the musk-colored doublet is his. See—close in front of him with the bandoleers. Yes; that is Mr. Winthrop."

They made the best way they could down the bank, following the shallows of the drifts, for the snow had blown since yesterday, and the tracks were covered.

As they reached the stream Jonathan exclaimed in dismay:

"We cannot cross, Ursula. See—the ice is broken and floating in great cakes. We cannot cross."

It was quite as bad farther up, they found, and in much perplexity they came back to the great drift opposite the place where the magistrate and his friends were waiting.

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"'Tis a pity, 'tis a pity you cannot cross," he said, raising his voice to them as he came down to the edge of the stream on his side. "But the wise, step-ordering Providence has broken the ice since yesterday, and I see no place where it would be safe to venture."

Mr. Winthrop turned to him of the bandoleers and leather buskins with something which Jonathan and Ursula could not hear. Then, after some conversation among them, he again lifted his voice to those on the other side.

"If you could manage to go up a piece to the place where the land juts out into the water, yonder," he said, pointing with his staff in that direction, "I might make shift to marry you there. 'Twould be sadly discomforting to have taken the long journey for naught."

"Mr. Winthrop is very good to be at so great pains for us," said Jonathan, as they got down from the saddle and, stiffened from the cold and the constrained position, made their way out on the narrow bank, which was so slippery and uneven as well.

"Take care, my Ursula, not there!" as she tried to make a footing on an icy hillock.

It was, indeed, a strange wedding—the magistrate on one side of the frozen stream, and they on the other, the world all white about them. The solemn stillness which was as if the earth were bowed before the holy temple had come upon the place. Nothing could be heard but the chafing of the great cakes in the channel, or now and then an occasional sharp report which left a long fissure in the ice over the meadow.

They stood for a moment with heads reverently bowed. Then Mr. Winthrop's words came clear and grave upon the frosty air, and soon, with kind wishes for the strong and stout-hearted young settler and the girl by his side, so slight and brave, the magistrate and his party had turned back to Pequot.

Ursula was lifted to the saddle a little more tenderly, and Jonathan spread his coat that it might shelter her a little better than before—that was all. He could wait until they reached home, and it was best to ride quickly, for it would soon be very cold and dark.

"See, Jonathan, the wind has really changed!" cried Ursula, gayly, when they had ridden a short distance. "Did I not speak true when I said that to-day is all for us?"

"Verily, Ursula, you have cast a spell upon it, it is clear." And Jonathan said little more on the journey, but he hastened the speed of the mare.

The great red fire in the west was flaming up to meet the sun, and the light came low and slanting when he drew up at his own door. Fastening the reins around a tree inside the paling, he gently lifted Ursula from the saddle and carried her into the house—into the room where were the hangings of green bay. As she stood there in her gown of soft scarlet cloth, as he had so often dreamed she might stand—so shy in the midst of her new surroundings, Jonathan's heart was full.

"Ah, Ursula, it shall be summer and sunshine for us always," he said, "no matter though the trees by the spring be brown and bent with the snow."

* * *

Selling a Child's Blanket

THE AUCTIONEER'S LAST SALE

IT HAD been a very busy day at the exchange, says the New Orleans Picayune, and the auctioneer had grown a trifle weary over the repeated trials which had beset and worried even this Trojan son of the stump. The continual refrain of "Going, going, g-o-n-e!" echoed in his brain.

For many years he had been a prominent figure in the auction mart, and under his hammer had often gone the fruits of a lifetime of accumulation; gone for a song, treasures over which the miser had crooned, the lover sighed, the mother wept—all gone.

"How much am I offered?" had sent to the four corners of the earth so many things that day that the auctioneer hoped there was nothing left; but there was. His indefatigable assistant had raked from a corner a bundle of bedding and handed it up.

"What can I get for this?" he cried, force of habit forcing him into the rut again. "Another opportunity." As he unrolled the bundle some one bid "Fifty cents."

Then not another voice broke the stillness which had settled over the crowd as a child's blanket hung before their gaze. Why? Did the sight of that small woolen cover tell to them, the callous crowd, a pitiful story?

The busy man forgot to cry his refrain as he dropped his eyes upon the little square. Here and there on it small stains, as if tears had fallen, met his eye, and his mind went back to a scene he never would forget.

The bedchamber had been darkened. About the blinds the gleams of sunlight crept into the room and fell like golden shafts upon the little cot over which his wife hung in an agony of bitter pain. He saw again the little white hands—hands that had crept so often about his neck at night as he lay by his side—pick falteringly at just such a cover as he now held in his grasp. He saw the little head with its mass of tangled curls moving restlessly on the pillow, and he felt again the hot touch of the red lips upon which he had pressed his own in loving caress, eager to soften the pain and woo back into health the loved little form slowly drifting, drifting away.

The crowd was gone. This busy man saw nothing but the child who had grown into his very being and then loosed his little grasp on the world and had gone drifting, drifting out into a sea which promised infinite love, but left bitter desolation and despair for those left behind. The tears falling upon his bearded cheeks woke him from his dream.

"Gone for fifty cents to the only bidder."

The auctioneer sighed heavily as he got down from his stand and watched the crowd depart, and then he went home to his wife, his heart filled with sorrow at the thought of his own dear little one, and the empty cradle.

By Anna Fuller

IN TWO PARTS: PART II

THE next afternoon Mrs. Tarbell was sitting on her front porch endeavoring to readjust the bows upon the old straw bonnet. She had taken them off and sponged both ribbon and straw, and she was now trying her best to make the bows hold up their heads with the spirit and grace which distinguish a milliner's trimming. She looked up from time to time to enjoy the reflection of the trees in the lake surrounding the house. For her grass was being flooded to-day, and that was always a pretty sight. "It looks almost as pretty as Watkins' Pond out on the Goodham Turnpike," she reflected, as the water glistened in a broad expanse. She owned a piece of land, a hundred feet front.

A horseman had turned into the street, and came cantering toward the house. But horsemen were part of the landscape in Colorado, and she scarcely noticed his approach till a joyful bark caused her to look up just in time to see David take a flying leap over the gate and come dashing up to her.

"Why, David!" she cried, and then she stopped, abashed, for the horseman was already tying his pony to the post.

"Mrs. Tarbell?" he questioned, as he opened the gate; and without waiting for an answer he went on: "I've come to thank you for getting my dog away from those scoundrels at the City Hall. They had the decency to tell me where to look for you."

"Oh, pray don't mention it!" said little Mrs. Nancy, with old-fashioned courtesy.

"Not mention it!" cried her visitor. "It was the kindest thing I ever heard of. I don't see what made you do it."

"Oh, I couldn't help it. David looked so miserable at the end of a pole."

"The cowards!" he cried. "Don't get a chair, ma'am. I like the steps better. Did you call him David?" he asked, with a twinkle of amusement in his kind gray eyes, as he seated himself on the low step.

"Well, yes. I didn't know what else to call him, and as he'd been delivered out of the hands of the Philistines——"

"That's a good one!" cried the ranchman. "Come here, David. You've really got a name now as well as a pretty locket."

"THEY WERE SOON ENGAGED IN CONVERSATION, QUITE UNCONSCIOUS OF THE PICTURE THEY WERE FORMING"

David had established himself between his master and his rescuer, and looked from one to the other with evident satisfaction. They were soon engaged in an amicable conversation, quite unconscious of the picture they were forming. The tall ranchman, clad in full cow-boy paraphernalia, his extended legs incased in leathern "shaps" decorated with long fringes, his belt of rattlesnake-skin, his loose shirt showing a triangle of bronzed throat, in his hand the broad sombrero clasped about with a silver band.

Little Mrs. Nancy, sitting upright in her chair, in her neat old black gown, holding the forgotten bonnet in her lap, watched her picturesque visitor with the greatest interest. And looking up into the delicate little old face, he noted all the sweetness and brightness which had so long been lost upon the world. To make a clean breast of it, the two fell frankly in love with each other on the spot, and before the stranger had departed he had persuaded her to visit his ranch with him the very next Sunday.

"But I don't know what to call you," she said, after having agreed upon this seeming wild escapade.

"That's so," said he. "I go by the name of Wat Warren out here, but they used to call me Walter at home. I wish you would call me Walter."

"It's a pretty name," she said. "I thought some of calling my boy Walter at first. I like the name."

Warren was on the point of departure, and a sudden embarrassment seemed to seize him. He had his hand in his trouser's pocket. "I 'most forgot the money for the license," he stammered as he pulled out a couple of silver dollars.

Nobody knows what came over Mrs. Nancy, but she suddenly found she could not take the money.

"That's of no consequence," she said, quite as though she had had at her command the whole Treasury surplus of a few years ago. "I should like to make David a present of the license"; and as her two visitors departed at full gallop she sat down in a flutter of most pleasurable excitement.

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How surprising it all was! She looked back upon the last hour quite incredulous. She felt as though she had known this strange man all her life. Not that he had told her much about his own concerns. On the contrary, after complimenting her on the subject of David's collar and David's bath, he had got her talking about herself; and she had told him about Willie, and about Atchison, and about her desire to go home to New England to see her friends.

"My sakes!" said she to herself; "what a chatterbox I'm getting to be in my old age! What must he have thought of me?" But in her heart she knew he had not thought any harm of her confidence. There had been no mistaking the sympathy in that sunburnt face, and if there had been any doubt remaining the hearty grip of the rough hand would have set her mind quite at rest and make her feel easy.

But if Mrs. Nancy wondered at herself on Tuesday, she had fairly lost all track of her own identity when, on Sunday, she found herself seated beside her broad-shouldered friend in a light wagon, bowling over the prairies behind a pair of frisky four-year-olds, while David bounded beside them or scampered about in the vain pursuit of prairie-dogs.

"Do you feel afraid?" asked her host, looking protectingly down upon the tiny figure at his side.

"Not a mite," she declared. "I never was one of the scary kind."

They had left the mountains behind them and were speeding to the eastward. It seemed to her that a few hours of this rapid progress would bring them to the very shores of the Atlantic. On and on they went over the undulating yellow plains. As they neared the top of each rise of ground, Mrs. Nancy's heart stood still in a strange fantastic suspense. Would there be trees over beyond, or lakes, or rivers, or perhaps a green New England meadow with cows in it?

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They did little talking on that drive. Mrs. Nancy was too entirely absorbed in her new experience to have much to say. But when at last they reached the ranch, lying like an oasis in the vast barren, with young corn sprouting in the wide fields, and a handful of cottonwood trees clustered about the house, the tears fairly started to the little woman's eyes, so much did this bit of rural landscape remind her of her own far-away New England. And when the master of the house led the way into a neat, cozy little room, with a big south window looking across the plains, it came his turn for making confidences.

"This room was built for my mother."

"Did she live here with you?"

"No; she died before she could get to come here."

"Oh, dear!" said his little visitor. The two small words were eloquent with sympathy.

That was a red-letter day for Mrs. Nancy Tarbell. She felt as though she were getting a glimpse of the great West for the first time in all these years. When her host casually informed her that he owned about seven square miles of land and two hundred head of cattle, she gave a gasp of amazement.

"I always wanted to see a cattle ranch," she said.

"Oh, this is no cattle ranch. It's only a dairy." And he took her about through the many sheds and barns, which were hidden in a hollow a few rods away. Here he showed her the ice-houses, his huge churns, and his mammoth "separator" that went whirling around, dividing the cream from hundreds of gallons of milk in the time it would have taken her to skim a couple of three-pint pans by her regular method.

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed.

"You'll have a great deal to tell them when you go back," said Warren, studying her animated face.

"If I ever go," she said, with a little sigh.

This was after dinner, which had been a savory meal, served by a man cook.

"Do you want very much to go?"

"Oh yes! I shall go just as soon as ever Atchison begins to pay again. I hope I haven't any false pride," she added, deprecatingly, "but I can live cheaper here than I should be willing to there."

They were sitting in the big living-room, which on this great occasion had been made as neat as her own little parlor. Antlers and other strange trophies ornamented the walls, where also guns and spurs and lassos hung. The little woman did not seem in the least out of place among these warlike objects. She sat in an old leathern chair, with David curled up close beside her. Presently Warren said:

"Have you any idea how much your house and land are worth?"

"Oh, yes! We paid ten hundred and fifty dollars for it when the house was new, but it's a good deal out of repair now."

"But real estate is pretty high here now."

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Struck by the peculiar emphasis with which he spoke, Mrs. Nancy gave him a startled look. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Well, I was talking with a real estate man about the value of land the other day, and he said you could realize six thousand dollars on your place any day."

"Six—thousand—dollars?"

"Yes, six thousand dollars."

"Why, that's just what we had in Atchison!"

"Well, I guess there's no question but that you could get that for your land to-morrow."

It had been an eventful day and it was followed by a sleepless night. For years little Mrs. Nancy had had one great wish, and suddenly it was to be fulfilled. She could go home—home to New England, to the village where she was born, to the village where everybody knew her, where they would talk of Willie. Through the hours of the night, which sped fast, she thought and thought of the home-coming. She passed in review all her old neighbors, forgetting for the moment how many would be found missing; she wandered in spirit through the familiar pastures, beneath the green trees, beside the pond at the foot of the hill. Suddenly a strange suggestion intruded itself upon her thoughts. Must it not be "kind o' damp" with all that swamp land so near by and the great elm trees so close about the house? Her house no longer, however. She wondered where she would live. She should want to be independent, and she should hate to "board out."

But with the alloy of perplexity her radiant visions faded, and she fell asleep.

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The next morning, after her house was set in order and her marketing done, Mrs. Nancy sat herself down in her porch to darn her stockings. She had formed the habit, for Willie's sake, of doing all the work possible out in the air and sunshine.

The water was merrily flowing in the irrigating ditch, a light breeze was rustling in the cottonwoods before the door, while the passing seemed particularly brisk. Two small boys went cantering by on one bareback horse; a drove of cattle passed the end of the street two or three rods away, driven by mounted cowboys; a collection of small children in a donkey cart halted just before her door, not of their own free will, but in obedience to a little caprice of the donkey. They did not hurt Mrs. Nancy's feelings by cudgeling the fat little beast, but sat laughing, and whistling, and coaxing him until, of his own accord, he put his big flapping ears forward as though they had been sails, and ambled on.

When the postman appeared around the corner he came to her gate and lifted the latch. It was not time for her small bank dividend. The letter must be from her husband's sister-in-law, who wrote to her about twice a year. As Mrs. Nancy sat down to read the letter her eyes rested for a moment upon the mountains.

"If Almira could have come with the letter she'd have thought those snowy peaks well worth the journey," she said to herself. And then she read the letter.

"*Dear Nancy:* Excuse my long silence, but I've been suffering from rheumatism dreadfully, and haven't had the spirit to write to anybody but my Almira. It's been so kind of lonesome since she went away that I guess that's why the rheumatism got such a hold of me. When you ain't got anybody belonging to you, you get kind of low-spirited. Then the weather—it's been about as bad as I ever seen it. Not a good hard rain, but a steady drizzle-drozzle day after day. You can't put your foot out-of-doors without getting your petticoats draggled. But you'll want to hear the news. Cousin Joshua he died last month, and the place was sold to auction. Deacon Stebbins bought it low. He's getting harder-fisted every year. Eliza Stebbins she's pretty far gone with lung trouble, living in that damp old place; but he won't hear to making any change. Both her boys is off to Boston. Does seem as though you couldn't hold the young folks here with ropes, and I don't know who's going to run the farms and the corner store when we're gone. Going pretty fast we be, too. They've been eight deaths in the parish since last Thanksgiving—Mary Jane Evans and me was counting them up last sewing circle. Mr. Williams, the new minister, made out as we'd better find a more cheerful subject; but we told him old Parson Edwards before him had given us to understand that it was profitable and edifying to the spiritual man to dwell on thoughts of death and eternity. They do say that Parson Williams would be glad to get another parish. He's a stirring kind of man, and there ain't overmuch to stir round here. I sometimes wish I could get away myself. I'd like to go down to Boston and board for a spell, just to see somebody passing by; but they say board's high down there and living poor. I don't know though's I wonder that you feel's you do about coming home. 'Tain't what you're used to out West, and I don't suppose you ever feel real easy in your mind from cowboys, and Indians, and wild animals. I was reading only yesterday about a grizzly bear that killed a man right there in the Rocky Mountains, and I'm glad you feel's you do about coming home. I should like to think that you'd be here to close my eyes at the last.

"But no more at present. This is quite a letter for me. Your true friend, ALMIRA TARBELL.

"P. S.—You remember my old tabby that I set such store by? She died along in March, and I buried her under the sugar-maples 'side of the barn. The maples didn't do as well this year."

"Poor Almira," said the little widow, folding the letter with a sigh; "she's having a real hard time. I do feel for her, I declare."

An hour after, when her new friends, Warren and David, came to inquire how she had borne the fatigues of her yesterday's drive, they found her sitting with the letter in her hands. There was a bright flush on her cheeks, and a look of perplexity in her blue eyes.

"Fine day, isn't it?" said Warren, while David wagged his tail till it almost touched his ears.

"Yes, it's a very fine day. 'Pears to me Colorado never did look so nice as to-day."

"That is because you are thinking of leaving us," Warren rejoined, thoughtfully, pulling the ears of David, who could scarce contain himself for joy at being the object of such a flattering attention.

"I don't know's I should be in such a hurry to go right straight away, even if I could sell my land," said the widow, slipping the letter into her pocket.

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They chatted a while in the bright sunshine, and Warren soon had an inkling of the little woman's state of mind.

"I don't suppose, now, you'd be willing to take a ground rent on the other half of your land if a desirable party should apply? A rent, say, for five years, with the privilege of purchase at the expiration of the term?"

The long words sounded very technical and business-like, yet rather agreeable, too.

"You mean somebody might like to build on my land?"

"That's the idea," said Warren. "Fact is," he went on, after a pause, "I happen to know a nice, steady young fellow who is thinking of getting married. He told me he would be willing to pay $300 and taxes."

"Three hundred dollars!" cried the wondering little land-owner. "Why, I should feel like a rich woman!"

"Well, the land's worth it, and the young man's able to pay."

The air was growing warmer and sweeter every minute, and the water in the irrigating ditch sounded quite jubilant as it raced past the house. Yes, Colorado was a pleasant place to live in, especially with Walter Warren for a neighbor ten miles away.

She sat so long silent that her visitor felt he must offer greater inducements. He began pulling David's ears so vigorously that a dog of a less refined perception might have howled remonstrance, and, then, while the color deepened in the sunburnt face and shyness possessed him, Warren said, "Perhaps you'd take more kindly to the arrangement if you knew who the young man was?"

"My dear, are you going to get married?" cried Mrs. Nancy, forgetting alike her perplexities and her dreams of opulence.

"Well, yes, I am; some time next fall. She lives back East; and I thought it would be nice to have a little place in town where we could stay through the off season. You'll let us come, won't you?" he cried, with a look of boyish beseeching. "I know you would if you could see Jennie. She's so sweet!"

The momentous visit was over. Warren had had his confidences, and was now striding down the street, with David at his heels.

The little widow stood at the gate, her heart feeling bigger and warmer than for many a day. Once more she looked down under the row of cottonwoods, which had come into full leaf during the past week, looked to where her giant mountain neighbor stood, strong and constant as an old friend. The air seemed clearer, the sunshine brighter, than ever before. The running stream was singing its own gay song, and for once it waked no longing in her breast. As Mrs. Nancy turned to walk up the path, she drew forth Almira's letter, not without a momentary pang of remorse. With the letter in her hand she paused again, and looked and listened as though she would drink in the whole of Colorado at one draught. Suddenly a gleam of roguish willfulness came into the sweet old face, and speaking half aloud she murmured:

"I don't know but I'm getting to be a heartless old woman, but—I'm afraid I'd full as lief somebody else closed Almira's eyes!"

And with this revolutionary sentiment the faithless little New Englander passed into the house that had at last taken on the dignity of a home.—From Peak and Prairie, by Anna Fuller. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Eclipse of Luke's Life

THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S SWEETHEART

By J. S. Fletcher

WHEN Dick Marrish came back to the village after his seven years' service in the army, there were not wanting those who said that his coming would do no good to somebody. He was a fine figure of a man, and wore his clothes with a rakish air that had its influence on the young women. He had seen many men and places during those seven years, and he had learned to talk of his adventures and experiences in a fashion that made him popular in the parlor of the village inn or round the farmhouse fires.

It was commonly said that he had killed more than one enemy, though he never mentioned the matter himself. Neither did he mention anything of the wound which had left a scar across his left cheek. Some of the women said he was ashamed of the scar, because he was vain of his beauty; but the girls, who admired him not a little, considered the scar to add to his good looks. To them it was an ever-present proof of his bravery and heroism. The other men of the village knew that, and resented it: had it been possible, they would have sent Dick to the right-about place without ceremony.

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Luke felt no jealousy of Dick nor anybody else. He was one of those simple-minded giants who trust everything and everybody, and since Lucy had promised to marry him he had believed in human nature and the world with added conviction. All his life he had loved her with that unselfish love which only a great heart can feel. It had been a dumb love—Luke had no gift of speech. His part was to love and feel in silence. He made no demonstration; he was happy if, at the end of a long day's work on the land, he could sit and look at Lucy, busied with needlework.

Now and then he would go near her timidly, and let his toil-worn hand stray over her sunny head. When he stooped from his great height to kiss her, and caught the gleam of her eyes and the dewy freshness of her lips in one impression, Luke's head swam, and he experienced all the madness of a pure intoxication. He was almost afraid of those moments; they seemed to him the high festival days of life, and the remembrance of one of them was sufficient to keep him in a dumb content until the next came. "As well have a stick for a sweetheart!" said the other girls with whom Lucy exchanged confidences. "He's a strange lover that's satisfied wi' one kiss." But Luke knew naught of that.

As for doubts, jealousies, suspicions, Luke had no thought of them. Being true-hearted himself, he was naturally incapable of harboring a wrong thought of others, and especially of the woman whom he had loved ever since he and she, boy and girl, trotted side by side along the lanes to school. But other folk whose eyes were sharper saw things which he could not see. They wagged their heads over ale-pot and tea-cup, and said to one another that Luke had best look after his sweetheart. It was easy to see, they observed, that Dick had made an impression in a certain quarter.

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It was old Reuben Gledd that took upon himself the duty of speaking warningly to Luke. They met on a May morning in a deep-banked lane, topped with the first bloom of the hawthorns and ankle-deep with the luxurious bursting of the grass. Reuben pulled up his pony, and stared at Luke from between its cocked ears.

"Thou'rt nobbut a lad," said old Reuben, "and thou'rt a good lad. I'll gi' thee a word o' counsel. Tak care of all tha has."

Luke smiled broadly.

"I think you can trust me on that score, Mester Gledd," he answered. "I look after mi own pretty weel."

"There's summat 'at thou isn't lookin' after just now," said old Reuben.

"Aw?" Luke stared. He looked around at his fields, as if to discover some sin of omission or commission detected by the old farmer's sharp eye. "Aw? I dooant know——," he began.

"It's neyther crop nor cow, turnip nor tatey," said old Gledd. "I'll warrant thee to look after them. It's thy sweetheart."

Luke's broad face flushed a sudden red. His blue eyes shot fiery interrogation at the old man. Reuben nodded his head.

"Now, then, tak a word o' counsel," said he. "There's happen no harm done, but thee watch yon Dick Marrish. Sin' he came home to farm his mother's land he's setten hafe the girls crazy wi' his fine airs. Now, look efter thy own, my lad."

Reuben touched up his pony and went forward, his old hat grazing the trailing clouds of hawthorn blossoms. Luke stood and gazed after him until man and pony disappeared. Then he turned in the opposite direction, and went straight across the fields toward Lucy's house. There was no feeling of resentment in him—all that he was conscious of was a vague pain. He had no doubt of Lucy—how could he doubt the candor of her eyes?—but it hurt him to think that others dared to suspect her. And Dick Marrish—why, Dick was an old friend!

Half a mile from the house he met Lucy's father. The old man beckoned to him.

"I wanted to see thee, my lad," he said. "I'm a bit uncomfortable-like about Lucy and you Dick Marrish. 'Od-rabbit the girls, they're as soft as soap ower Dick! I think if I were thee I should aim at hastenin' t' weddin,' lad."

"What's it all mean?" said Luke hoarsely.

"Nay, I dessay it's nowt, lad, but he's been about t' place a good deeäl lately and I see'd 'em down i' t' Low Meadow together yesterday efternoon. I telled her my mind about it last neet, but she laughed it off, tha knaws, lad—said it wor a pity if a lass couldn't speak to an owd friend."

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Luke continued to stare at Lucy's father. His own mind was so far a blank, but across it there began to steal a cloud of curious emotion.

"Thou mun get her to put t' day forrard, lad," said Lucy's father. "And thou mun mak love to her a bit fiercer."

Luke glared at him and said nothing. Suddenly he turned away, and went along the fields again. He saw the red roof of Lucy's house above the tree-tops. Until then the sight of it had always given him a thrill of pleasure. As he went about his own land it was his custom to look across country and let his eyes rest for a moment on the roof which sheltered his sweetheart. But now there was no pleasure in it—instead there was a dull pain that bit and gnawed at his heart. He dropped his eyes and walked forward, vividly conscious of the sunlight, the singing of birds, the white-topped hedgerows, the daisies and buttercups at his feet, and yet still more conscious of an undefinable something that crushed his heart.

At last he stood on the doorstep of the house. The door was closed. He hesitated as he opened it. A fear came upon him lest Lucy should see the trouble in his face. He could picture her astonishment on seeing him there at that hour—the sudden interrogative arch of her eyebrow, the smile that would bring out her dimples, the clear voice that would ask what he was doing there.

There was no one in the kitchen. The old clock ticked by the wall, a cat purred contentedly on the hearthrug, a score of buzzing flies made monotonous music in the window-place; but there was no sign of human presence. Luke stood against the dresser, listening. He was going forward to the stairs to call his sweetheart's name, when he suddenly caught the sound of Lucy's voice. It was not words, but laughter, and there was something in the laughter that he had never heard before.

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Lucy was in the dairy—a great cool place at the end of a long passage leading from the kitchen. Luke went down the passage. Something had filled him with a great fear. What was that strange new note in the girl's laughter? It frightened him—his heart throbbed and his breath came in gasps, and he felt as if his emotion would choke him. And all the time he knew that he was afraid because he did not know what it was that he was afraid of.

The door of the dairy had a square of wire let into its top panel, and through this Luke's glance passed as he came to the end of the passage. Again he was vividly conscious of all his surroundings. He smelt the fresh butter, he saw the half-light of the cool dairy, he noticed the drip, drip, drip of the buttermilk still running from the churn; he recognized the dampness of the passage wall on which his right hand rested. And, above all these things, he saw Lucy, in her print gown, with its sleeves rolled above the elbow, leaning against the big stone table, with Dick at her side, his arm about her waist, his hand lifting her face toward his own. He saw the sudden flush of color in her cheek and the quiver of her lips as they were turned to Dick's——

He went quietly back into the kitchen after five minutes had gone. His face was white as the hearthstone by which he stood, and his eyes had fallen deep into their sockets. But now the suffocation at his heart and throat had passed away, and he breathed freely; and his hands were steady as he took down the gun that hung, ready loaded, over the fireplace. He strode gently to the door, and went out into the quiet garden. The sunlight flooded the grass, but beneath the lilac bush lay a patch of black shadow.—From God's Failures, by J. S. Fletcher. Published by John Lane.

Before Two Altars

"WITH A LOVE THAT WAS MORE THAN LOVE"

By Will N. Harben

IN TWO PARTS: PART I

CHAPTER I

A YOUNG girl stood in the door of a cabin on the gradual slope of a mountain-side. Although her dress was coarse and ill-fitting, her face and form would have attracted attention in a multitude. Her dark, lustrous eyes, beneath long lashes, were exceedingly expressive and full of thought; her hair was light brown, and lay about her shoulders in rich waves that shone in the sunlight.

In the cabin sat an old woman paring apples. Now and then she would raise her eyes from the tubs of fruit and glance stealthily at the girl, a blended expression of tenderness and anxiety deepening the wrinkles of her face. Presently she wiped her stained hands on her apron, and leaned back as if to rest.

"I'm afeered you hain't as well as common, Marthy," she said softly. "You hain't acted nat'ral sence—sence Dick Blumer went away. Sometimes I have half a mind that you had a leetle hankerin' after 'im, an' that yore father's continual beggin' of you to marry Jake Wilbers is goin' ag'in' yore feelin's, an'—an' yore health."

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The girl turned around quickly; a red flush struggled through the pallor of her face. She stood looking wistfully at her mother for a moment, her lower lip quivering.

"I can't bear the sight o' Jake Wilbers," she said spiritedly. "I hate 'im! Ef he keeps on comin' heer I'll go away fur good—som'ers, I don't keer whar; I can't stand it, night after night, an' folks p'intin' us out, an' makin' all sorts o' comments."

"What about Dick?" The old woman leaned over a tub and took up an apple and began to cut into it noiselessly. The girl was silent for a moment; then she picked up a pan of the pared fruit and moved slowly to the door.

"Dick"—and the name was scarcely articulated—"Dick never bothered hisse'f about me. He went away 'thout even tellin' me good-by."

Mrs. Black shrugged her shoulders significantly, and stopped her work to watch the girl as she walked out and spread the fruit on the drying-boards in the sun. "I wonder ef I ought to tell 'er that Dick's come back," she mused; "'er father cautioned me not to let on. Looks like Dick 'ud 'a' come heer the very fust thing."

Her thoughts were interrupted by Martha's return. "I'll go git you some more apples, mother," said the girl, and picking up a basket she went down to the little orchard.

Along the winding road, hidden from view by a riotous growth of elder and mountain ash, came a young man. He was tall and handsome, and wore a neat-fitting suit of brown, and a broad-brimmed slouch hat. The falling apples attracted his attention, and he paused to look through the foliage. He semed greatly agitated at seeing her, for he turned quite pale. For several minutes he stood and watched her, unobserved. Then, seeing that she was reaching some of the apples with difficulty, he climbed over the fence and ploughed his way through the tangled growth of ferns, aster and goldenrod to her. She heard his step and, suddenly facing him, screamed a little, and then stood looking at him helplessly.

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"I did not want to skeer you, Marthy," he apologized humbly. "I wuz passin' an' saw you couldn't reach some o' the best apples, an' jest had to come over to help you; but I'll go on ef you'd ruther I would."

"I had no idee you wuz back," she faltered, a lambent light of irrepressible gladness in her eyes. Nothing occurred to him to say, so with quivering hands he took the pole from her and began to knock the apples down. His face was rigid from restrained emotions.

"I 'lowed I might as well come back home," he said presently, as if confessing to a weakness, and he leaned on the pole and looked up at the brown and gray peaks of the mountain. "It's the only country on earth that I could be contented in, an' a feller can't count on his endurance when he gits as fur from home as I wuz. I've seed the time that I'd 'a' give my right arm to see that old mountain yonder, whar you an' me used to git rhododendron an' ferns for the meetin'-house. I hain't a sign of excuse, 'cept mortal weakness, mather; I jest couldn't keep my promise."

She was searching his earnest face with wide, wondering eyes. "What promise?" she asked under her breath.

"The promise I made never to come back heer—in the note I sent you the night before I left—the note that told you how I felt about you, an' how I had heerd you an' Jake wuz to git married, an'—ef it wuz so, that I'd go away fur good an' let you be."

"I didn't git no note, Dick; no note at all."

He gazed at her steadily, as if doubting that he had heard aright. "I give it to Tobe Lash. He promised to hand it to you."

"Tobe wuz arrested for 'stillin' liquor the day you left; he must 'a' forgot it."

Dick Blumer could formulate no reply. He stood awkwardly breaking the pods of a wild touch-me-not in his trembling fingers, his blue eyes searching hers eagerly. A light broke upon him.

"You didn't git it? Why——"

"No, an' I 'lowed you might 'a' told me good-by, at least; I never could make it out. I——" She could go no further; she was almost crying. He started to speak, but his voice failed him. He pulled off a handful of huckleberries from a bush at his side and crushed them in his hand. He stepped nearer to her, but she had lowered her head, and her face was hidden beneath her wide straw hat.

"I wuz a fool, Marthy," he said finally. "I heerd so much talk at meetin' one day about you an' Jake that it run me 'most wild. Some said you liked 'im an' would be foolish to refuse sech a good chance, when he wuz so well off. I couldn't git up the courage to speak out like a man, an' so—so I writ you the best I knew how about my feelin's, an' axed you ef you keered fur me to meet me at the spring early the next mornin', an' that ef you didn't come I wuz to know you intended to take Jake. I waited thar in the laurels till mighty nigh dinner-time, hopin' you'd change yore mind. When I went away I wuz the nighest crazy ever a man wuz."

"Dick, I never got no note, an' I 'lowed you didn't keer fur me ur my feelin's." She burst into tears, and he took her in his arms and silently held her to him.

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The young couple were married. Assisted by his friends, Dick built a comfortable log cabin not far from his father-in-law's, and he and Martha began their domestic life most happily. Every day as the sun was setting the young wife would stand in front of the cabin and eagerly watch the path by which he came home from the field. He would halloo to her from far down among the crags and defiles in a musical barytone, and she would make a trumpet of her hands and echo his "Whoopee!" in a ringing voice.

Winter came and passed. The arbutus and Claytonia and a profusion of other spring flowers bloomed and died, and the mountain-sides and vales took on the wondrous colors of the rhododendron and kalmia. These passed away, and autumn flowers and tinted foliage added new charms to the landscape.

"I've just got word that my Uncle Alfred is mighty sick, an' Aunt Cinthy wants me to come over to-night ef I kin possibly do it," Dick announced one rainy day at noon. "I must go, that's all about it. They've been mighty good to me."

Martha's face paled and a sharp look of pain came into her eyes. She looked at the drenching rain and the lowering clouds.

"I wish you didn't have to go," she sighed. "Mother said this mornin' that the river wuz up so high the hack couldn't cross."

"Shuh, little woman," laughed Dick. "Bob could swim ten sech puddles as that an' not strain hisse'f. Don't you bother. I want to git yore mother to sleep heer, ur maybe you'd better go up thar."

"No; I'm not afeerd to stay heer by myse'f," was her reply. "Thar hain't nobody in these mountains mean enough to harm a helpless woman."

"I reckon you are right," Dick returned, "but I'm afeered you'll be lonesome."

She answered with a negative smile, and putting on his storm-coat he went out to saddle his horse. When Bob stood at the door, trying to stick his gray head into the cabin out of the beating rain, and Dick came in to kiss her good-by she clung to him nervously.

"I don't know why I'm so miserable," she faltered, "but, somehow, I feel like I wuzn't ever goin' to see you ag'in."

"Shuh!" and he kissed her laughingly. "You needn't have a speck o' uneasiness. I'll be back to-morrow, certain."

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She dried her eyes on her apron and tried to smile, but her anxiety and forebodings deepened as she watched him ride down the mountain through the gray rain and fog. She sank into a chair before the fireplace and tried to be oblivious of the dull patter on the low roof and the ominous growling of the mountain torrent. Night came on quickly, and the storm increased in fury. The wind howled dismally among the trees and the rocky defiles, and now and then a deafening clap of thunder seemed to shake the mountain to its very base. She opened the door slightly, but the wind and rain beat in so furiously that she quickly closed it again.

The hours passed. She lay down on the bed, but did not close her eyes. The rain had put out the fire except a flickering blaze in the corner of the chimney fireplace.

Suddenly, above the roar of the storm she heard the neighing of a horse. It was Bob. Her heart stood still; she could scarcely breathe so great were her fears. She tried to raise the bar of the door, but her strength failed her, and she only leaned weak and helpless against the wall, straining her ears for Dick's voice. Bob was pawing and neighing at the stable. She drew the bar from its sockets and the wind dashed the door open. She peered out into the gloom. She could see nothing but the driving rain and the mad rocking of the trees; then she saw the horse, but he was riderless.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried, at the top of her voice, but her only answer was a neigh of recognition from Bob as he came toward her. "Dick! Dick! Whar are you?" she repeated, but there was no reply, and the storm seemed to drown her cry. Then she thought she heard some one calling. It was only fancy, but she dashed out into the storm and groped her way down the mountain road, pausing every minute to call her husband's name and listen for a reply.

Just after dawn the next day Mrs. Black, hurrying down toward her daughter's cabin, saw something lying at the roadside. It proved to be the lifeless form of her son-in-law, near a tree which had been shattered by lightning, and on his breast, wet, bedraggled and unconscious, lay Martha.

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CHAPTER II

WHEN Martha was convalescing from a serious attack of brain fever she had to be told of Dick's death, for she remembered nothing of the sad occurrence. She simply turned her wan face to the wall and said not a word. But when her mother was preparing to have her removed to the parental cabin she astonished every one by declaring that she would never leave the hut where she had lived with her husband. Mrs. Black argued with tears in her motherly eyes, and the neighbors joined in the endeavor to change her mind, but all in vain.

One of the most discerning whispered that, "The pore gal is actually afeered to go back to 'er father's, for she knows in reason that he will be a-ding-dongin' at 'er to marry Jake, now that she's free."

So Martha lived on alone in the cabin. Dick had left her a little money, and, with Bob rented out to a farmer, she had enough to satisfy her humble needs.

Jake Wilbers became bold enough now and then to pay her his most unwelcome visits. He loved her still, and seemed determined to make her his wife sooner or later. When he came, however, he was always abashed by her silent suffering and her cold treatment of him. One afternoon he found her seated at the side of the bed, her thin hand extended over the coverlet as if she fancied she was holding Dick's hand. She looked over her shoulder as Jake entered, but scarcely changed countenance and did not speak.

"Martha," he said, and he paused in the centre of the room and awkwardly whipped the long leg of his heavy boot with a switch, "I've been a-comin' heer mighty nigh ever' day sence—sence you wuz left alone, an' you hain't never tuk the least bit o' notice of me. That hain't the way to treat a' old friend."

"I hain't alone," she said, without looking up, "Dick's sperit is with me ef his body hain't. Sometimes I kin 'most tech 'im, an' when I stand thar whar—whar he told me good-by I kin feel 'im hold me in his arms. An' often, when I wake in the mornin', he seems to be thar on his side o' the bed, right whar my hand is now."

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"Shucks!" he exclaimed lightly. Her words made him feel uncomfortable, but her beauty and helplessness thrilled him. He stepped up behind her chair and touched her shoulder lightly. "Pshaw, Marthy, you'll go stark, ravin' crazy ef you go on this 'er way. You must git out o' this lonesome shack, an' git yore mind off'n dead folks an' sperits an' sech truck. It won't do!"

She shrank from his touch, and looked at him with burning, scornful eyes. "Go away!" she screamed, her face in her lap; "fur the love of mercy—fur God's sake, go away an' let me alone! I have enough to bear 'thout you. You are the last person on earth I want to see. You are the one that first driv' 'im away from me. Please go! I can't stand it!"

He was much disconcerted. He twisted the switch in his hands, and a flush of blended impatience and anger darkened his face. "I loved you an' offered to take keer o' you long 'fore he did," he blurted out passionately. "I give in to 'im when he wuz alive, but now he's no more an' you are so helpless I 'low you ort to consider my feelin's. I can't git along 'thout you. I jest hain't these woods night an' day sence you've been heer by yorese'f."

She shuddered, and again buried her face in her lap. "I'm goin', Marthy," he hastened to say, fearing that he had gone too far for his own interests. He quickly left the room, but paused outside where his horse was hitched, and looked back. He saw her leave the hut and walk down the path to the spot where, at the end of the day, she used to wait for Dick's return.

It was sunset. The gray of dusk was gathering at the base of the mountain and slowly creeping upward. Jake stood and watched her movements stealthily. She leaned against a great lichen and heather grown bowlder, and, shading her eyes from the slanting rays of the sun, gazed down the rugged path just as she had done when she used to await her husband's coming. Her eyes shone with the eager light of expectancy, and she stood as still as the rock against which she leaned. The gloaming gathered. The shadows were still climbing up to the brow of the mountain high above. Suddenly Jake Wilbers' blood ran cold in his veins. She was hallooing as she had done so often in answer to Dick's far-away salutation: "Whoopee! Whoopee!" The weird cry bounded back and forth among the cliffs as if seeking to escape confinement. Jake shuddered superstitiously, and, mounting his horse, he slowly rode away.

Mrs. Black recognized her daughter's voice as she came down the path to visit her. "I must see 'er to-night ur I can't sleep," she thought as she trudged along.

She met Martha as she was returning to the cabin softly talking to herself. The old woman laid her hand gently on the girl's arm. "Marthy, you ort not to stand out heer 'thout a bonnet ur shawl; you'll ketch yore death o' cold."

Martha smiled faintly. "I was callin' to Dick," she said, not heeding her mother's remark. "Somehow it's a comfort to go over the old ways me an' 'im had. I 'most forgot he was dead just now. I kept hollerin' kase the echo sounded like 'im away down past the creek."

"Pshaw," said Mrs. Black, putting her arm around the slender waist. "Come into the cabin—yore dress is liter'ly drenched with dew. I'll kindle up yore fire an' you'll feel better. This will never do; you jest can't continue livin' this way. I've fetched you a basket of some'n to eat; you hain't teched a bite in two days, that I know of."

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"I'm never hungry," sighed the girl. "How could I set thar at that table an' eat whar Dick used to set three times a day, laughin' an' goin' on like he used to?—I'd choke!"

"You'll kill yorese'f, child," and the old woman forced her to sit down in a chair while she stirred the fire and put on fresh wood. "This is goin' to be a cold night; come home with me; I need you, an' yore father wants you, too."

Martha shook her head without looking up from the coals in the fireplace. "He 'lowed yesterday he wanted me to marry Jake Wilbers, an' set thar an' contended over it fur fully two hours."

"He thinks ef you wuz married you would soon git over yore sufferin'—in havin' some'n to occupy yore mind; an' Martha, I must say I think you ort to think about it. When Dick wuz alive I wuz fur his int'rests, but now he's gone, you ort to be sensible like other women. Mighty nigh ever'body round about heer thinks you ort to take Jake. He's comfortably fixed, an' loved you 'fore you ever seed Dick."

Martha left her chair and went to the door facing the mountain, and looked out into the gathering night. "Mother," she said, in a cold, despairing voice, "up thar at the top of the mountain the's a cliff, more'n five hundred feet high. Ef I knowed I'd have to live one day—one single minute—with Jake Wilbers in Dick's place, an' 'im dead an' helpless in his grave, I'd slip up thar an' jump off to my death, fur I'll meet Dick when I die, an' that's all I ever keer fur now."

Mrs. Black was half frightened by her daughter's words and manner. She went to her and drew her back to the fire. "Don't think any more about Jake," she said, in unsteady, pacific tones; "that's plenty o' time fur you to make up yore mind; now come home with me, an' sleep in the bed whar you used to sleep when you wuz too little to have trouble."

"Mother," and she glanced at the bed in the corner, "I would not be satisfied anywhar but heer whar I last seed Dick. I'll never leave it till they take me out to put me in the ground as they did 'im."

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Footsteps were heard crunching on the stony path. Black had come after his wife. As he entered he looked at his daughter with a frown. "The whole country is talkin' 'bout you an' yore livin' heer by yorese'f," he grumbled. "I didn't 'low you'd ever make folks talk about me an' yore mother. Come home an' take yore old place, an' stop this foolishness."

The girl hung down her head, but made no reply. Her silence angered him. "Marthy," he blustered, trembling with anger, "Jake Wilbers is in torture over yore treatment uv 'im. A woman hain't no right to worry a human bein' like you worry 'im. I give 'im my promise to-day that I'd use my influence with you, an' you've jest got to listen to reason."

"You'll never git me to marry that man, father, never!"

"We'll see about that, my fine lady!" was Black's angry answer, as he drew his wife away. "We'll see who is master in the matter, you or me!"

Martha made no reply. She did not see the yearning glance her mother threw back as she was hurried from the cabin. She listened to their crunching steps till they died away in the distance.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER]

In the Old Village Church

By Will T. Hale

SOMEWHAT as vagrant winds waft in the fragrance of the rose,
Or gleam of sunshine gilds the path that leads through drifted snows,
The memory of the time comes back o'er wastelands of the past,
When clouds about our early ways no marring shadow cast;
And more than all, the Sunday morns, in summer glory fair,
When mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer!

How vivid comes the picture of the church and village folk,
The solemn filing down the aisle, the floor of sounding oak,
The benches rude, with occupants from all the country-side,
The rustic lovers' tender looks that bashfulness would hide;
While through the window meadow-scents came on the morning air,
Where mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer.

Out in the graveyard each white tomb loomed like a hoary head,
The near-by brook sang tirelessly to cheer the dreamless dead.
Upon the hillside one could see, where shimmering sunbeams lay,
And butterflies seemed flowers a-wing, the lazy cattle stray;
And up to God went thankful praise—it welled from everywhere—
As mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer.

Oh, church among the circling hills, by well-nigh all forgot!
Oh, voice that sang old "Happy Day" as saints, I thought, could not!
Oh, sire, who had your share of woe, but walked the ways obscure
In patience and with dauntless breast, with thoughts and motives pure!
If I could but be young a day, and spend that day back where
My mother sang the old-time hymns, and father led in prayer!

—Nashville Christian Advocate.

At a Court Ball of the Czar

FESTIVITIES IN THE WINTER PALACE

AT THE close of January we had the pleasure of attending the first Court Ball of the season at the Czar's Winter Palace. We were commanded to be there at nine o'clock—a remarkably early hour for St. Petersburg—so at half-past eight we were en route. Although we live within a stone's throw of the Winter Palace, we were fully half an hour in reaching our destination, so great was the crush of carriages in the streets. This can be readily understood when I tell you that there were nearly four thousand invitations issued, and you may be very sure that none of them were refused except on account of serious illness.

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Arrived at the door of the palace we were escorted by a most gorgeous lackey, in the brilliant red livery of the palace, through the numerous and beautiful suites of rooms. His hat, whose fashion dated from the time of Catherine, was most unique. It was a large, three-cornered affair, from one side of which curled three long ostrich feathers, white, orange and black respectively, which were intertwined and fell over the left ear. Following this splendid creature, we came to the entrance of the first ballroom. Here we left our wraps, having previously given our heavy furs to our footmen on entering the palace.

Then we were again led through a series of beautiful rooms, brilliantly lighted by electricity and decorated with palms and flowers, until we reached the Nicholas Hall, which is of truly gigantic proportions, but does not look as large as it really is, so harmonious is it as a whole. On one side of the room was the majority of Russian society, while on the other were assembled the Diplomatic Corps and other members of the Court. What a beautiful sight it was! The ladies, clothed in exquisite gowns and wearing superb jewels, while the gorgeous uniforms of the men still further enhanced the brilliancy of the splendid scene.

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Opposite the door a large space was kept clear the whole extent of the room for the entrance of the Imperial party. About half-past nine the orchestra struck up the beautiful polonaise from Glinka's opera of Life for the Czar, the double doors were thrown open, and to our expectant eyes appeared the Imperial cortège.

First came the young Emperor, leading his beautiful and stately wife; then followed the Infanta Eulalie of Spain, with the Grand Duke Vladimir, and then all the other members of the Imperial family in the order of their rank. The first polonaise being danced, or rather walked—for one could not call the polonaise a dance—the Empress danced with each Ambassador in turn, beginning with Husni Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, who is the doyen of the Corps Diplomatique. The Emperor meantime did the same thing with the distinguished stranger, Eulalie, and afterward with the several Grand Duchesses, Ambassadresses, etc.

The Emperor wore the uniform of the Lancers of the Guard; the Empress was robed in a beautiful gown of cloth of gold, covered with gold-embroidered tulle. Her jewels were truly Imperial, for her tiara, or kokochnik, was a mass of beautiful gems with many points, each tipped with a large pear-shaped pearl. Her neck and throat were covered with beautiful diamonds and pearls; the pearls were enormous in size, beautiful in color, and perfect in shape.

The Infanta's toilet was a heavy cream satin, trimmed with sable and covered with exquisite point lace in which were woven the arms of Spain. Her jewels were also pearls and diamonds, and very splendid they were. She looked not a day older than when we had the honor of being presented to her in New York six years ago. Her lovely blue eyes had the same frank expression, and her golden-blond hair had lost none of its beauty. When one of our party was presented to her that evening by the Spanish Ambassador, she told him with the subtle flattery of a woman that she recognized him from afar from his resemblance to his cousin, Commander Davis, who was attached to her suite while in America. Who could ever think of war with Spain after such a flattering reception? It did not make the slightest difference that this gentleman and his cousin do not in the least resemble each other; the intention was kindly. She expressed herself as being much pleased with her visit in America, and spoke of the universal kindness shown her while in America.

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Meantime the dancing is going on for all who care to indulge in it, and the Empress, having gone into another room, is receiving all the ladies who are to have a presentation—mostly débutantes and some of the Corps Diplomatique who have just arrived. At twelve o'clock the great assemblage go into the large hall, where the supper is served.

The Empress, with her immediate suite, as well as the Ambassadors and their wives, are seated upon a dais, while the remainder of the Corps Diplomatique have a table at their right. As we pass the dais on our way to our places, we turn in order to face the Empress, and make our best courtesies.

Then comes the wonderful supper—wonderful not for its fine menu, but because it is a supper at which all this vast multitude is seated, with a lackey for every two persons, so the courses are served well and promptly. The long wide tables were decorated with massive silver candelabra four feet high, and at short intervals from these stood large silver bowls of Russian workmanship filled with beautiful flowers. There are also, on a line with these, groups of Russian statuary, National scenes, all in solid silver. Near me was a Cossack on horseback, stopping to talk to a peasant. Large epergnes of fruit and bonbons also decorated the tables.

Meantime beautiful music was heard alternately from each end of the long hall, played by the Imperial orchestras. All were gay and enjoying themselves to the utmost. The Emperor, ever on the alert to do the kind and hospitable thing, walks through the rooms with his Minister of the Court to see that every one is well taken care of.

Soon after supper the Imperial party leaves the ballroom, which is the signal for the guests to depart. We seek our wraps and soon become shapeless bundles of fur; the footman finds our carriage, and away we drive, at two o'clock in the morning, to our respective homes.—Boston Transcript.

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Francis Murphy on Kindness.—That was a characteristic story which Doctor Hulbert told of Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle. Murphy said, in an address: "I would rather have one little spray of a flower given to me while I am alive, as a token of affection and esteem, than to have you throw a bouquet as big as a bushel at me when I am dead, saying, 'There, Murphy, smell that!'"

Returning the Wrestler's Trophy

THE STORY OF DELAYED JUSTICE

By Arthur T. Quiller-Couch ("Q")

AS BOUTIGO'S van (officially styled the "Vivid") slackened its already inconsiderable pace at the top of the street, to slide precipitately down into Troy upon a heated skid, the one outside passenger began to stare about him with the air of a man who compares present impressions with old memories. His eyes traveled down the inclined plane of slate roofs, glistening in a bright interval between two showers, to the masts which rocked slowly by the quays, and thence to the silver bar of sea beyond the harbor's mouth, where the outline of Battery Point wavered unsteadily in the dazzle of sky and water. He sniffed the fragrance of pilchards cooking and the fumes of pitch blown from the shipbuilders' yards; and scanned with some curiosity the men and women who drew aside into doorways as the van passed.

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He was a powerfully-made man of about sixty-five, with a solemn, hard-set face. The upper lip was clean-shaven and the chin decorated with a square, grizzled beard—a mode of wearing the hair that gave prominence to the ugly lines of the mouth. He wore a Sunday-best suit and a silk hat. He carried a blue bandbox on his knees, and his enormous hands were spread over the cover. Boutigo, who held the reins beside him, seemed, in comparison with this mighty passenger, but a trivial accessory to his own vehicle.

"Where did you say William Dendle lives?" asked the big man, as the van swung around a sharp corner to halt under the sign-board of "The Lugger."

"Straight on for maybe a quarter of a mile—turn down a court to the right, facin' the toll-house. You'll see his sign, 'W. Dendle, Block and Pump Manufacturer.' There's steps leadin' 'ee slap into his workshop."

The passenger sat his bandbox down on the cobbles between his ankles and counted out the fare.

By the red and yellow board opposite the toll-house he paused for a moment or two in the sunshine, as if to rehearse the speech with which he meant to open his business. A woman passed him with a child in her arms, and turned her head to stare. The stranger looked up and caught her eye.

"That's Dendle's shop down the steps," she said, somewhat confused at being caught.

"Thank you; I know."

He turned in at the doorway and began to descend. The noise of persistent hammering echoed within the workshop at his feet. A workman came out into the yard.

"Is William Dendle here?" he asked.

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The man looked up and pointed at the quay door, which stood open, with threads of light wavering over its surface. Beyond it, against an oblong of green water, rocked a small yacht's mast.

"He's down on the yacht there. Shall I say you want en?"

"No." The stranger stepped to the quay door and looked down the ladder. On the deck below him stood a man about his own age and proportions, fitting a block. His flannel shirt hung loosely about a magnificent pair of shoulders, and was tucked up at the sleeves, about the bulge of his huge fore-arms. He wore no cap, and as he stooped the light wind puffed back his hair, which was gray and fine.

"Hi, there—William Dendle!"

"Hullo!" The man looked up quickly.

"Can you spare a word? Don't trouble to come up—I'll climb down to you."

He went down the ladder carefully, hugging the bandbox in his left arm.

"You disremember me, I dessay," he began, as he stood on the yacht's deck.

"Well, I do, to be sure. Oughtn't to, though, come to look on your size."

"Samuel Badgery's my name. You an' me had a hitch to wrestlin' once, over to Tregarrick Feast."

"Why, o' course. I mind your features now, though 'tis forty years since. We was standards there an' met i' the last round, an' I got the wust o't. Terrible hard you pitched me, to be sure, but your sweetheart was a-watchin' 'ee—hey?—wi' her blue eyes."

Samuel Badgery sat down on the deck, with a leg on either side of the bandbox.

"Iss; she was there, as you say. An' she married me that day month. How do you know her eyes were blue?"

"Oh, I dunno. Young men notice these trifles."

"She died last week."

"Indeed? Pore soul!"

"An' she left you this by her will. 'Twas hers to leave, for I gave it to her mysel' when that day's wrestlin' was over."

He removed the lid of the bandbox and pulled out two parcels wrapped in a pile of tissue paper. After removing sheet upon sheet of this paper he held up two glittering objects in the sunshine. The one was a silver mug; the other a leather belt with an elaborate silver buckle.

William Dendle wore a puzzled and uneasy look.

"I reckon she saw how disappointed I was that day," he said.

"William Dendle, I wish you'd speak truth."

"What have I said that's false?"

"Nuthin'; an' you've said nuthin' that's true. I charge 'ee to tell me the facts about that hitch o' our'n."

"You're a hard man, Sam Badgery. I hope, though, you've been soft to your wife. I mind—if you must have the tale—how you played very rough that day. There was a slim young chap—Nathan Oke, his name was—that stood up to you i' the second round. He wasn't ha'f your match: you might ha' pitched en flat-handed. An' yet you must needs give en the 'flyin' mare.' Your maid's face turned lily-white as he dropped. Two of his ribs went cr-rk! You could hear it right across the ring. I looked at her—she was close beside me—an' saw the tears come; that's how I know the color of her eyes. Then there was that small blacksmith—you dropped en slap on the tail o' his spine. I wondered if you knew the mortal pain o' being flung that way, an' I swore to mysel' that if we met i' the last round, you should be made to taste it.

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"Well, we met, as you know. When I was ready, an' the folks made way for me to step into the ring, I saw her face again. 'Twas whiter than ever, an' her eyes went over me in a kind o' terror. I reckon it dawned on her that I might hurt you; but I didn't pay her much heed at the time, for I hungered for the prize, an' I got savage. You was standin' ready for me, wi' the sticklers about you, an' I looked you up and down—a brave figure of a man. You'd longer arms than me, an' two inches to spare in height; prettier shoulders, too, I'd never clapped eyes on. But I guessed mysel' a trifle the deeper and a trifle the cleaner i' the matter o' loins an' quarters.

"You got the sun an' the best hitch, an' after a rough-an'-tumble piece o' work, we went down together, you remember—no fair back. The second hitch was just about equal; an' I gripped up the sackin' round your shoulders an' held you off, an' meant to keep you off till you was weak. Ten good minutes I labored with 'ee by the stickler's watch, an' you heaved and levered in vain, till I heard your breath alter its pace, an' felt the strength tricklin' out o' you, an' knew 'ee for a done man. 'Now,' thinks I, 'half a minute more an' you shall learn how the blacksmith felt.' I glanced up over your shoulder at the folks i' the ring, an' who should my eye light on but your girl.

"I hadn't got a sweetheart then, an' I've never had one since—never saw another woman who could ha' looked what she looked. I was condemned a single man there on the spot; an', what's more, I was condemned to lose the belt. There was that 'pon her face that no man is good enow to cause; an' there was suttin' I wanted to see instead—just for a moment—that I could ha' given forty silver mugs to fetch up.

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"An' I looked at her over your shoulders wi' a kind o' question i' my face, an' I did fetch it up. The next moment you had your chance and cast me flat. When I came round—for you were always an ugly player, Sam Badgery—an' the folks was consolin' me, I gave a look in her direction; but she had no eyes for me at all. She was usin' all her dear deceit to make 'ee think you was a hero. So home I went, an' never set eyes 'pon her agen. That's the tale, an' I didn't want to tell it. But we'm old gaffers both by this time, an' I couldn't make this belt meet round my middle if I wanted to."

Sam Badgery straightened his upper lip.

"No. I got a call from the Lord a year after we was married, an' gave up wrestlin'. My poor wife found grace about the same time, an' since then we've been preachers of the Word together for nigh on forty years. If our work had lain in Cornwall, I'd have sought you out an' wrestled with you again—not in the flesh, but in the spirit. Man, I'd have shown you the Kingdom of Heaven!"

"Thank 'ee," answered Dendle; "but I got a glimpse o't once—from your wife."

The other stared, failing to understand this speech. What puzzled him always annoyed him. He set down the cup and belt on the yacht's deck, shook hands abruptly, and hurried back to the inn, where already Boutigo was harnessing for the return journey.—From Wandering Heath, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Trying the "Rose Act"

HOW' SAMANTHA TRIED TO BE CHARMING AND SILENT

By Josiah Allen's Wife

IT WUZ a calm, fair morn. The sun streamed meller and golden into the buttery winder where I wuz a-standin' engaged in the avocation that had occupied my mind and my arms for the last three hours. In fact, my avocation had been so arjous and continuous that they ached hard, all three on 'em—my mind and my two arms. As I said previous and heretofore, the mornin' wuz a fair one. I had noticed and admired it, as I shook my tablecloth offen the back stoop. How the hand of Nater had been a-patten' and a-pettin' the trees in the distant woods, and sort o' smoothin' 'em out, as we do children's hair when they have got a hard job in front of 'em and have got to go out in the cold—and she, old Mom Nater, bein' right in the midst of her fall colorin' and her hands all full of the gorgeous dye-stuff, she had left the marks of her finger-tips on the green verdure and they shone with red and yeller streaks. (Metafor.)

And beyond the woods there wuz a meller blue haze a-hangin', as if Mom Nater, same as wimmen will when they are hard to work with their fall cleanin', had dropped a curtain of luminous blue mist between us and the fur-off horizon, and no knowin' what she wuz a-doin' behind that screen, a-paintin' the hill-tops most likely. The air wuz as soft and balmy as if it blowed offen a bed of balm. And I s'pose mebby it wuz the fine atmosphere which made Josiah Allen in such wonderful good spirits that mornin'.

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I myself, as I said prior and heretofore, had been to work so hard that I could not enjoy the rich beauty of the day, only by cursory glimpses from the buttery winder and over the top of the shaking tablecloth. I had been engaged in the hard and toilsome occupation of churnin'. It wuz a big one and the cream wuz thick, the dasher, a revolvin' one, wuz hard indeed to move, and to keep on a-movin' it for over two hours by the clock had called for an outlay for all my strength and all my patience and Christian fortitude. Josiah would have helped me churn, he said he would have been glad to have done it all himself, but, unfortunately, the old harness wuz broke and he had to be out in the barn a'most all the mornin' a-mendin' it and a-soften' its rough sides with a coatin' of lard and lamblack.

Josiah had promised to carry the butter to Jonesville that day to meet the buyer from Loontown, and that buyer had promised him as much as three and a half cents a pound in advance of the common price, on account of the extreme worth of my butter.

Wall, I had got the butter all churned, and I s'pose Josiah had heard, out to the barn, that the dasher had ceased its heavy motion, and I s'pose he had got through with the harness at the same time, for he come in jest as I wuz a-workin' it over and a-sprinklin' the salt down into its sweet golden depths in the white butter bowl. And he come in and sot down in the kitchen jest as high-spirited and darin' as he wuz when he went out.

Wall, while I wuz a-workin' in the salt with my wooden ladle, Josiah took a old paper that I had brung down from the attick, that mornin', to put onto my buttery shelves, and ever and anon he would read out a paragraph to me, as is the way, I s'pose, of all male companions in their good-natured hours of ease. And, all to once, he cried out, in glad, joyous axents, and as if onbeknown to himself:

"Here, Samantha, is sunthin' that is worth readin'. Here is eloquence and hard horse sense. I feel that I love the man that wrote that—I love him dearly."

"What is it?" sez I, speakin' out of the buttery.

Sez he: "It is what a lot of big men say about wimmen, but this one beats all." Sez he: "Just listen to what it says."

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So I straightened up my weary frame, to rest my aching back, and leaned my tired-out arms against the side of the big butter-bowl and listened.

"'If I were a woman I would not do anything important. I would emulate the rose and its wisdom. I would charm and be silent.'

"'If I were a woman I would be just a woman and nothing more, for therein lies woman's greatest charm. Man was made to work for woman; woman to charm him in his hours of ease.'"

Sez Josiah, in loud, triumphant axents: "Do you hear that, Samantha? Do you hear that?"

"Yes," sez I, "I read them effusions when they first come out; it wuz when you wuz down to Uncle Ellick's."

Sez Josiah, in melancholy axents: "That is why I missed seein' it. But why didn't you tell me about it, Samantha? I feel I have lost two years of happiness in not knowin' such a piece wuz wrote." And he went on warmly: "Oh, how I love them three men—I love them like brothers."

I wuz stil demute, a-leanin' on the heavy bowl, a-restin' my worn-out frame, and a-contemplatin' the fact that I had to pack the butter into the tub, after it wuz hugged up out of the suller.

Ag'in he sez: "What do you think of that noble piece, Samantha?"

Sez I: "There is some truth in most arguments, Josiah Allen; if there hain't a grain of salt in 'em how can they be kep' for any length of time? But," sez I, "these men go too fur, they hain't mejum enough."

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"Yes, they be," sez he, "they are jest exactly right, and they know it and I know it, and every livin' man knows it. Oh!" sez he warmly, "them men put men and wimmen in their own different spears and keep 'em there so beautifully. If you would foller up them idees, Samantha Allen, I would be the happiest man in Jonesville or the world."

"Well," sez I, in reasonable axents, "I would be willin' to charm you, Josiah Allen, but I don't see how I could allure and do housework at the same time."

And then we had some words.

And I sez furder: "Even if I wuz to do the 'rose act' when I have a big churnin' of butter to do, I don't see how it would affect you, for your old harness always breaks down churnin' day."

"What on't?" sez he, short as piecrust. "What if it duz?"

He didn't relish the charge. But it wuz true, jest as true as Matthew, or Mark, or the Book of Acts. I see he wuz mad, and with my usual tact I changed the subject round.

Sez I: "This butter has got to be put down, and I would like to have you bring up the tub from the suller and have you help pack it. It it hard work for a woman's arms, when they are a'most broke off a'ready."

"Wall," sez he, short and terse, "if I go to Jonesville that democrat has got to be greased."

And he ketched up his basin of wagon-grease from the suller-way and started off almost on the run.

And, if you'll believe it that man slammed the door behind him. And whether it wuz that slam, or whether it wuz his refusal to bring up that tub, or whether it wuz I wuz so tired out, or whether it wuz that piece he had read wuz a-gratin' on my nerves onbeknown to me—whether it wuz any of these things or all on 'em put together I don't know—but 'tenny rate, before the echo of that slam had died away in the spare room and parlor, I jest dropped that butter ladle down, sot the bowl on the buttery shelf and, sez I to myself, in the inside of my own mind, but firm and positive:

"I'll take you at your word, Josiah Allen. I will do the 'rose act' as near as I can make out what it is, and you may work for me while I allure and charm. I will emulate the rose and be silent."

So I dropped everything right where it wuz and retired into the parlor and turned all my attention to the job in front of me.

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I turned over in my mind all the pictures I had seen of females tryin' to allure and charm, and I recollected, as nigh as I could remember, that they had ginerally been in a settin' poster, so consequently I sot.

I believe, too, it wuz proper for me to sort o' clasp my hands in a easy, graceful attitude and smile some, so consequently I smiled considerable.

I tried to, and I believe I did look winsome. (That wuz what one of the big men had recommended strong.) And so I tried as much as he could desire.

I had, previous to my goin' into the parlor, put on a good, clean gingham dress, brown and black plaid, and a white bib apron.

I didn't remember of the females I have mentioned appearin' in a bib apron, but, thinks I, a bib more or less ain't goin' to make or break a allurer and charmer. So I ventured it. And I leaned back in my most luxurious armed chair, covered with good, handsome copper-plate calico, and, as I say, smiled quite a good deal, and looked very allurin' and winnin'.

Wall, jest as I got my hands clasped in a very graceful and allurin' attitude, and my lips wreathed in a winsome smile, my pardner entered with his basin of wagon-grease in his hand.

I set where I could see him plain. He glanced into the buttery and sez he:

"Gracious Heavens! Hain't that butter finished? Nor the tea-kettle on at half-past eleven? What is the matter?" sez he, a-standin' in the doorway and glarin' at me. "What is the matter, Samantha?"

I smiled at him as sweet as I knew how, but kep' silent, jest to emulate the rose.

Ag'in he yelled: "Why in the name of Peter hain't dinner under way?"

Ag'in I smiled. And ag'in I kep' silence.

And finally he sez, lookin' clost at me:

"What are you a-tryin' to do, anyway?"

Then I come out plain and sez to him, in middlin' calm axents, but firm:

"Josiah Allen, I am a-tryin' to allure and charm."

Sez he: "You are a-bein' a reg'lar fool, that's what you are a-bein'." That wuz the second time he had used that dreadful word fool since our married life commenced. But I still smiled and murmured, gently and tenderly:

"Sweet pet."

And then Josiah Allen bust out into words that I won't tell, even if I am put on the very pint of the steak.

No, indeed! They wuz words that I wouldn't have them men that wrote that piece—What I Would Do if I wuz a Woman—I wouldn't have them three men hear what one of their own sex said, not for a dollar bill. It would gnaw into their conscience.

I stood up under it, bein' considerable used to it, and also bein' nerved completely upon principle.

And ag'in he yelled, in nearly frenzied axents:

"I shall lose the chance to sell that butter!! And I am starved!!! Twenty-four hours since I've eat a mouthful!!!!"

His axents wuz dredful. Stormy and angry, and voyalant in the extreme. But like a still small voice after a tempest, I murmured to him in winnin' axents:

"Men are made to work for wimmen," and I added in still tenderer and sweeter tones, and I smiled with one side of my mouth while I said it: "You'll find the butter smasher in the buttery winder, and the chicken to brile in the store-room."

And then I gin him about three full smiles and sez:

"The mop is a-hangin' up behind the back room door, and the stove-brush and the blackin' are in the suller-way, and the lamp chimney cleaner is a-hangin' up over the kitchen sink."

For so arjous had been my work a-doin' that immense churnin' that my usual mornin's work wuz neglected and undone.

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"What are you a-goin to do?" he yelled.

"I am a-goin' to charm you, Josiah. 'Wimmen are made to charm men.' They should do nothin' important. A clean house is important; therefore, I will not clean. Eatin' is important; therefore, I will not cook. I will emulate the rose in its wisdom. I will charm and be silent."

And I leaned back in a still more luxurious attitude in my cushioned chair, and smiled quite a good deal at him.

"Are you a dumb lunatick?" sez he. "Or what duz ail you?"

And he put on his glasses and looked closer at me.

But I still sat demute and graceful as I could, and still tried faithful to allure and charm him accordin' to the rules laid down by big men and approved on by all the smaller ones.

But anon as I looked I see a change come over my pardner's face. His angry mean subsided, and a look of intense and questionin' alarm and agony swept over his eyebrow.

And I see him glance at the camphire bottle. And anon he turned silently and reached up the stairway for the soapstun, with his eye on me all the time.

And he sez, in low, appealin' axents:

"Don't you want to be rubbed, Samantha? Where is your worst pain? Won't camphire relieve you? Shall I go after Miss Gowdy or the Doctor? Don't you want your feet soaked?" sez he, a-glancin' toward the tank.

Sez I: "Josiah Allen, I don't want soapstun or camphire. I want reason and common-sense in my companion, that is what I want to relieve me. I have tried jest as faithful as ever a woman did to foller after the rules you read this mornin'. You said you loved the men that wrote 'em, and if I would only foller them rules you would be the happiest man in Jonesville or the world. I have follered 'em faithful for about twenty minutes, and it has reduced you to the condition of a lunatick. If twenty minutes of it has brung you to this state, what would hours and days of it do, and years? Now it has made you lose morals, tear around, use indecent language, break your word with grocers, and act like a lunatick. Now if you have had enough of my follerin' them rules, say so, and I will stop."

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"Oh, dumb the piece, and dumb the fellers that wrote it."

I turned away from him and ag'in broke out in that sweet and winnin' smile.

He stomped on the floor; he kicked!

But I kept firm and smiled onto him, and ag'in I called him "sweet, darlin' pet."

That was the time when he kicked the boot-jack across the floor and jammed the close-press poor to that extent that one panel has been loose to this day.

But I will draw the curtains on their brass rod over the scene. But suffice it to say that at twelve o'clock (and he said he hadn't had a mouthful to eat in forty-eight hours) he capitulated with no terms.

He said: "Dear Samantha, I have had enough of the 'rose act.' I have had enough allurin' and charmin', now I want some meat vittles, and I want 'em quick."

So I got right up and got as good a dinner as hands ever got, but quick.

I briled a young, tender fowl I had all ready dressed; I smashed up some potatoes with plenty of cream and butter into 'em; I made a orange puddin', quick but delicious—it would fairly melt in your mouth. And I had some rich, yeller coffee that would do your soul good to partake of.

And while I was a-gettin' the dinner, if you will believe it, such is my tact and my faculties for turnin' off work, I got time to finish that last layer of butter, and inegiately after dinner I put a snow-white cloth over it, sprinkled it with salt on top, and Josiah sot off in good season, after all, for Jonesville.

And, at his request, I put on my brown alpacky dress and rode down with him.

And as we went along, we visited, very agreeable. He wuz very affectionate (owin' to that coffee, and partly by his feelins' for me—he worships me).

He said: "That sweet, flowery talk read well, and made men feel kinder generous and comfortable to write it, and made men feel dretful sort o' patronizin' and good-natered toward wimmen to read it, but it wouldn't work worth a cent."

"No," sez I. "And I felt like a fool a-settin' there a-tryin' to allure and charm, a-smilin' stiddy when I knew everythin' wuz at loose ends in the kitchen. I wuz as happy ag'in when I wuz out a-getting your dinner."

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Sez I: "I don't know when I am happier than when I am makin' my home a comfortable and agreeable one—a-gettin' a good warm supper for you when I know you are a-comin' home tired and cold and hungry at nightfall. When I am in a clean kitchen, a-broilin' a plump fowl, or cookin' some oysters, and cream biscuits, and coffee or somethin' else good, a-settin' the snowy table, and a-keepin' a bright fire a-blazin' on a clean hearth, a-waitin' for the man I love," sez I, in real warm axents, "I am as happy ag'in as she would be at the 'rose act.'"

"Yes," sez he, "that is so, Samantha." And he went on and owned up to it.

That wimmen that didn't keep no hired girl, and had to bring up ten or a dozen children by hand, besides doin' all the housework, and sewin', and skimmin' milk, and pickin' geese, and dryin' apples, and makin' soap, and cleanin' house, and 'tendin' flower gardens, and weedin' onions, etcetry, they had to do some important work. They could not sit still and allure.

"No," sez I, "nor the rich wimmen neither." Sez I: "Rich wimmen that have to wait on and take care of three or four hired girls, and have big houses in country and city, and go to big parties and give 'em, and go out drivin' every day, and the opera and theatres, and trail off to Europe every now and then, and to the seashore and mountains, and south, and west, and set on boards, charity and missionary and hospital boards—every one on 'em hard ones—and git up balls and entertainments for the same. And git their children headed right in morals and education and society. And seein' their hairdressers, and their massage wimmen, and their dentists, and their work amongst workin' wimmen, and makin' more than a thousand calls, etc., etc. Good land," sez I, "what time do they have to set down to allure and charm?"

Josiah owned up "they didn't have."

And he added, in the same bland axents: "Samantha, wouldn't some lamb be the best of anything I could get for dinner to-morrow?" And sez I, "Yes, Josiah."

* * *

Strauss and His Dog.—When Johann Strauss, the "waltz king," visited Boston some years ago he was in the full blaze of his glory, and the Blue Danube Waltzes were as well known in this country as Yankee Doodle, says the New York Sun. When the composer was found to be a handsome, dapper little man, with lovely eyes and a mass of wavy black hair that was almost as extravagantly long as Paderewski's, the Boston musical women went wild over him.

He was courted, caressed, fêted and followed until it is a wonder his head—hair and all—was not turned, but Strauss had too much good business tact to lose control of himself, and he accepted everything—civility and compliment—with a smile that was as comprehensive as it was stereotyped.

Strauss was a great dog fancier at that time, and was accompanied by a magnificent black retriever. Toward the last of the great concert days, some enthusiastic young woman sprung the idea of getting a lock of Strauss' hair for her locket—lockets were worn by everybody in those days.

The fashion grew into a fad, and from a fad blazed up to fury, and with his comprehensive smile Johann promised every applicant a memento. All in due time the locks were distributed—how many hundreds of them I don't know—each one accompanied by the compliments of the "waltz king." Some statistical fellow said that enough hair had been cut off and distributed to make Strauss look as though he had been sand-papered, yet when he left Boston for New York his locks were as bushy and profuse as ever. It was remarked, however, by an onlooker, that when Johann's beautiful black-haired dog was put into the baggage car the poor creature looked like a shorn poodle.

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How the Chinese Regard Us

AS INSTANCES of the wonderment with which the average Chinese watch the doings of Europeans and Americans, the Frankfurter Zeitung gives the opinions of a Chinaman, from which the following extracts are taken:

We are always told that the countries of the foreign fiends are grand and rich, but that cannot be true, else what do they all come here for? It is here that they grow rich. But you cannot civilize them. They are beyond redemption. They will live weeks and months without touching a mouthful of rice, but they eat the flesh of bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities. Nor do they eat their meat cooked in small pieces. It is carried into the room in large chunks, often half raw, and then they cut and slash and tear it apart. They eat with knives and prongs; it makes a civilized being perfectly nervous. One fancies himself in the presence of sword swallowers. The opium poison which they have brought us they do not use themselves. But they take enormous quantities of weskichu and shang-pin-chu (liquor and champagne). The latter is very good. They know what is good, the rascals. It is because they eat and drink so much that they never rest. A sensible, civilized person does nothing without due consideration, but the barbarians hurry with everything. Their anger, however, is only a fire of straw; if you wait long enough they get tired of being angry.

They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestor's grave. They jump around and kick balls as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long tramps into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air; nobody knows why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They even sit down at the same table with women, and the latter are served first. Yet the women are to be pitied, too. On festive occasions they are compelled to appear before every man who likes to look at them, and then they are dragged around a room to the accompaniment of fiendish music.—Literary Digest.

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The Game of Nations

PLAYING at the game of nations is an industry, not a pastime, says the San Francisco News. The game of State and National politics as we know it in America is trifling beside the operations of a small group of European bankers. It is no exaggeration to say that the destiny, the honor, the very existence of nations, are determined in the Cabinets of capital, not in the councils of rulers. The unseen, crafty, but irresistible force of capital may declare war, may foment strife, or demand peace. It may stay the uplifted arm of the nation that would resent an insult to its honor, and may exaggerate a passing incident into a *casus belli* and plunge two unwilling nations into bloody conflict. It plays upon the necessities of nations and the patriotism of the people. It urges unwarranted demands in one nation and denies to others the right to maintain or defend its honor.

When England, for a commercial advantage, would have come to the financial rescue of China, immediately following the Japanese war, the money power of Europe willed otherwise, and the loan was placed among the continental countries. China again needs money, but the same power that denied her the privilege of making the first loan now declares that Great Britain shall furnish the necessary amount. The European bankers dictated the settlement of the differences between Turkey and Greece, and, it is reported, "cleared up millions of profit out of the hideous conflict between Moslem and Christian."

In the disturbance between Spain and Cuba the hand of the European banker has been constantly in evidence. He has calculated to a nicety how far he may permit Spain to involve herself in an immense war debt. He has measured the limits of her ability to pay as accurately as a corner grocery man might estimate the resources of the occupants of neighboring tenements. He has carefully weighed the possibility of the purchase of Cuba by America, and has set that figure down as an asset when the hour arrives to squeeze the Spaniard. He has carefully calculated the strength of jingoism in America. The pigeon-holes of his desk no doubt contain an accurate schedule setting forth the probable shrinkage of American securities in case this country becomes involved with Spain.

The industrial stocks that will inflate in value he also knows, and while impulsive Americans are raising their voices in patriotism and in protest against butcheries in Cuba, he is silently counting out the gains that will be his, and speculating as to the pecuniary wisdom of permitting war to come. This silent, dreadful power is ever at work at the Game of Nations, wielding an influence that is scarcely conceivable; it aids and encourages nations to policies that will render necessary the issuing of large blocks of securities; it denies these securities place in the markets of the world until pressing necessities compels the hapless victim to part with their obligations at a heavy discount. Once locked away in its vaults, this hidden power proceeds to contrary ends, and by manipulation, diplomacy and bribery removes the weight that presses on the nation's peace so that it may market the bonds and be insured both principal and interest.

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The American Farmer

THE colonies which conducted the Revolutionary War were almost exclusively agricultural communities, says the Hartford Courant. The towns were small and far apart. A few artisans supplied their needs, but the fisheries were the only productive industry at all commensurate in importance with farming. It was not the embattled lawyers, nor the embattled merchants, nor the embattled doctors, but the "embattled farmers" that "fired the shot heard round the world," and followed it up with the volleys of Bunker Hill and Trenton. Our early literature teems with references to the honorable and independent condition of the farmer who cultivated his acres, paid his debts, subdued the wilderness and built schoolhouses and churches. To have alluded to him as in any way inferior in culture, sagacity or dignity, to the members of any other class of the community would have been set down as an evidence of the ignorance and bad taste of the writer.

Of late years, since trades, manufactures and transportation have assumed such enormous proportions and our city population has made such a large relative increase, a fashion has grown up, fostered largely by the comic papers, of making the farmer the butt of cheap ridicule. He is alluded to as a "hayseed" or a "country jay," and it is assumed that his life is a narrowing one and that he is ignorant of many of the social amenities which distinguish the dwellers in towns. This is not only offensive, but it is entirely unwarranted, and the cheap jokes conceived in this spirit, repeated weekly and yearly, are extremely distasteful to any one who knows what the American farmer is. It is probably owing to the presence, on the staff of our comic papers, of foreigners whose only idea of a tiller of the soil is derived from early impressions of European peasants. As a rule, the American farmer is superior in intelligence, in cultivation, in physique and in morality to the average inhabitant of the city who assumes to laugh at him.

To those—and there are many among our leading citizens—who number an American farmer among their honored ancestors, the continual belittling of his character has become extremely unpleasant, not only from constant repetition, but from its lack of reasonable foundation. It betokens a woful lack of inventiveness to refurbish the same old jokes so many times, and a woful lack of appreciation of sturdy and intelligent manhood, to represent solely the farmer in a ridiculous or unpleasant light. True humor estimates all classes and conditions of men at their proper relative values and does not laugh at what it does not comprehend.

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The Retort Judicial.—Chief Justice Rushe and Lord Norbury were walking together, in the old times, and came upon a gibbet. "Where would you be," asked Norbury, pointing to the gibbet, "if we all had our deserts?" "I'd be traveling alone!"

Sarcasm of the Bench.—The sarcastic Justice Maule did not spare his judicial brethren. "I do not believe," he said to the counsel once, "that any such absurd law has ever been laid down, although it is true that I have not yet seen the last number of the Queen's Bench Reports." When a witness was telling an impossible story, and declared that he would not tell a lie, for he had been wedded to truth from his infancy, Justice Maule observed, "Yes, but the question is, How long have you been a widower?"

English in Court.—In a trial before Judge Bowen at Del Norte, Colorado, one of the parties was represented by Judge Hamm, and the other by C. D. Hayt, now of the Colorado Supreme Bench. A Mexican juror, regularly venired, asked to be excused from service. "Why do you wish to be excused?" asked the Court. "Well, chuch," said the Mexican, "me—no—understand—good—English." "That's no excuse," answered the Judge, with assumed severity; "nobodys going to talk to you but Judge Hamm and Charlie Hayt, and they don't either of them speak good English. You'll have to serve."

Luxury in College Life

WHAT MONEY WILL DO IN MODERN UNIVERSITIES

By Robert Etheridge Gregg

RECENT events have brought to view more forcibly than ever the marked increase in luxury in our larger colleges during the last few years. In Yale, Princeton and Harvard magnificent dormitories, with high-toned janitor service, electric lights and call bells, hot and cold water, and, in one case at least, an elevator—a thing fit only to take the muscle out of stout young legs—have been erected by private enterprise. The existence of these luxurious and club-like bachelor apartments must furnish some serious problems to all true lovers of good morals and high thinking. It is, indeed, not without just cause that the college graduates of years ago anxiously ask: "What is the effect of these things? Is it good or bad?"

As a recent college graduate I can only give some scattered impressions based on personal observation, for the answer to the question depends somewhat on the point of view taken, whether that of the parent, of the college, or of the community.

The first obvious effect of an expensive dormitory—one in which the rent for a suite of rooms ranges from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars for the college year—is to bring the rich men of the college together into the closest sort of companionship. It is the first step in the formation of a clique in what should be a democracy of learning, for by it wealth is set off in contrast with penurious scholarship. If these rich men were scattered through the regular college dormitories the chances are that they would not have the same stimulus to extravagance, while, on the other hand, they would probably come in contact with some hard-working students. From these they might get some conception of what a university and a student is. As it is, they attend a lecture at nine o'clock, another at twelve, and after the hour is over return to their comfortable quarters and boon companions.

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In talking with one of these wealthy students, I asked him what was considered the "toniest" dormitory in college, and learned that "the fellows in X—— lived in the top notch," but that "it cost to turn round there." On inquiring why, if it were so expensive, the men did not room elsewhere, I received the reply: "Oh, well, nobody else can afford it; it keeps the other fellows out. They're all in a set, and they like it." That phrase "all in a set" strikes the keynote, and, of course, "they like it." If it were not for that "set," secure in the luxurious recesses of a private dormitory, the richer students might have a little more respect for the "grind" and for the professors. They might even have an inclination to brighten their own wits in the intellectual struggle going on round them.

I do know a few rich men who study hard, and some others who do fairly creditable work. They are, however, altogether too few. A rich man is too apt to enjoy the society of his clique during term time, and afterward to enjoy the luxury of passing his examinations on the minimum of effort by means of a tutor. For some years I have tutored such men more or less, and I have found that if a man has attended his lectures regularly, taken fairly good notes and studied a few hours, he can be made by six or seven hours of judicious tutoring to pass an examination with a fair mark. By judicious tutoring I mean that kind of cramming which, after impressing carefully sifted and well-ordered facts on the tender brain of the subject, clinches the business with a few shrewd "pointers." I have indeed had men get angry and demand of me, "What are you here for, anyway?" simply because I insisted that they should take at least fifteen or twenty hours of tutoring and study an hour to each lesson. Even then the work occasionally sinks to a pretty low level.

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One day I told a man, who had read the Journal of the Plague, that Defoe was four years old when the plague occurred and sixty when he wrote his account of it in the character of an eye-witness. He answered that the Journal was "a fine piece of work," and could not seem to hit on the fact that the book was a lie. This incident illustrates one of the great dangers of the American system of tutoring before the examinations—as opposed to the Oxford system of tutoring throughout the term—inasmuch as it shows what an excellent opportunity the method offers to a man for keeping his wits dull.

Such tutoring, moreover, attacks the commonalty of learning with the power of money. It is bad enough that a student who works four hours a day, perhaps, as a waiter in an eating club, in order to earn his board, should be compelled to come in competition with men who are free to give their whole time and energy to study, but it is almost intolerable that he should have to face students who can hire men to do the lion's share of their work. Up to the present no college tradition has been more sincerely cherished than that of the equality of students, yet, if this luxury of tutoring increases it will undermine the very basis of that equality—honest individual effort.

An unusually comfortable room may help to prove an attraction which will keep a man with plenty of money from too frequent visits to the town and to the theatres. Again, for a rich man to come to college, to take a comfortable suite, to mix with gentlemen, to study enough to pass his examinations after a few warnings from the "office," and to develop a fine physique by "going in for athletics," might from one point of view be considered a legitimate luxury. It is, of course, all the better if such a man goes into athletics, for then he cannot drink liquors, tea or coffee, smoke, indulge in late hours or excess of any kind; besides, if he would make a successful athlete, he is bound to learn promptness, obedience to his superiors, and self-control. At all events, for such a man too much money is a bad thing.

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From my experience with poorer students I should say that the minimum of existence at a large college—that is, if a man is to have warm clothes, good food, a fire and some books—is about five hundred and fifty dollars a year. Of that sum a plucky man with good health may reasonably hope to earn, after his first year, about one hundred and twenty-five dollars during term time, with perhaps fifty or seventy-five more during the summer. Although a student must have some care of his stray quarter-dollars, he can do good living and high thinking on seven hundred dollars. One thousand dollars will furnish solid comfort, and twelve hundred dollars some luxury. If, however, a man indulges in the excellent and invigorating sport of horseback riding, fifteen hundred dollars is enough for the college year. Although some men can be trusted to spend more money wisely, despite the temptations of college life, anything over fifteen hundred dollars is, in my opinion, absolutely unnecessary and even dangerous.

It is not my purpose to mention the aid many rich students give to poor students. Charity is a good quality, doubtless, if wisely exercised, but it is not the principal thing for which a man comes to college. That object is either the luxury of a college life or else study. To my mind, the latter is all important, for a college is primarily "a learned society" and has for its object "the advancement of learning" of both the individual and of the race. Its members, from full Professor to freshman, are therefore in the truest sense "fellow-students" in a democracy of learning. Hence I ever have, lurking in the recesses of my heart, a wicked wish that the men who enter college solely for the luxury of a college life would stay at home and join some club about town. If they would, I believe that the vexed questions of examinations, marks, and a dozen other things would satisfactorily settle themselves.—Congregationalist.

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Women in Modern Music

WORK OF RECENT COMPOSERS

A PROMINENT publisher, says Rupert Hughes in the March Century Magazine, tells me that where, some years ago, only about one-tenth of the manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumber those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close.

It is in the smaller forms, however—in instrumental solos and short songs—that they have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Besides these there are a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality; and, in art, quality is everything.

As to nationality one finds best represented the three countries that are now working along the best lines of modern music: Germany, of course (whose Clara Schumann wrote much that is worthy of serious consideration), France and America; for America, whatever its musical past, is surely winning its right to a place in this triumvirate of modern music. Its tendencies are toward the best things. Italy has recently had a flurry of new life and of growth away from the debilitating mawkishness into which it had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though English women have written much, they are not beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Maud Valerie White.

The House by the Side of the Road

By Sam Walter Foss

"He was a friend to man, and lived in a house by the side of the road."—Homer.

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—From "Dreams in Homespun" (Lee and Shepard).

General Fitzhugh Lee

THE UNITED STATES REPRESENTATIVE AT HAVANA

OUR nation has been specially favored in having at critical periods men in authority who were equal to the emergency. Recent events have emphasized this truth. The Cuban situation, provocative of apprehension as it has been, would occasion a vast deal more concern were it not that we have as our representative in Havana a man of the type of Consul General Fitzhugh Lee. His distinguished ancestry, his brilliant record as a soldier, and his masterly administration at the Cuban capital make him conspicuous as a man among men.

General Fitzhugh Lee to-day has the distinction of being an honored former Confederate, a Democrat and the holder of a highly important and responsible office under a Republican Administration—and this at the Administration's express request. General Lee's resignation had already been on file at Washington several months, when, last November, he came home and reported in person to President McKinley. Yet he went back to Havana with the seal of office still in his possession, and fortified by the cordial commendations of the President.

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It was in April, 1896, that President Cleveland, impatient at the apathy of Consul General Williams in cases affecting the rights of American citizens in Cuba, and confronted with the certainty that Congress would have to insist upon some radical policy tending to check the widely criticised methods of Weyler in Cuba, appointed General Lee to the hazardous position.

Every one remembers how, at the time, the country was fairly thrilled at the selection of this representative American soldier to stand for human liberty and justice on that unhappy isle. As yet he was untried in foreign consular diplomacy, but from the moment he entered upon his duties he gave abundant evidence of his possession of good sense, tact, courtesy and practical fitness for the task.

It is not absolutely essential that a distinguished American should have a grandfather. But when one happens to be a Lee of Virginia and his grandfather Light Horse Harry Lee of the Revolution, it is eminently proper that his ancestry should be taken into account.

Sydney Smith Lee (born 1802, died 1869), the father of Fitzhugh Lee, was the third son of General Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry) and Anne Hill Carter, his second wife. He was graduated from the Naval Academy, and appointed midshipman in 1820, promoted Lieutenant in 1828, Commander in 1850, and resigned on April 28, 1861, to join the Confederacy. His public service of more than thirty years in the United States Navy—including Perry's Japan expedition and the Mexican War—is well known. He was the favorite brother of General Robert E. Lee, who called him by the pet nickname of "Rose."

Fitzhugh Lee, the eldest son of Captain Sydney Smith Lee and his wife, Anna Maria Mason, was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Virginia, on November 19, 1835. He entered the West Point Military Academy at sixteen, was graduated in July, 1856, at the head of his class in horsemanship, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the famous old Second Cavalry, which regiment furnished so many officers afterward distinguished in the Civil War. His first duty was in drilling raw recruits at the Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. Then he was sent to the western frontier and became an Indian fighter in Texas under Major Earl Van Dorn.

The outbreak of the Civil War found Fitzhugh Lee back at West Point as instructor in cavalry tactics. He promptly resigned, offered his services to his native State, served first on the staff of General Ewell, then as Lieutenant Colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry, under J. E. B. Stuart, whom he accompanied on his famous raid around McClellan's army in front of Richmond. On the promotion of Stuart, Lee was chosen Colonel, and later Brigadier General under Stuart. In 1863 the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was divided into two divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. Shortly after the death of Stuart, Lee succeeded Hampton as commander of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, with the rank of Major General.

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Fitzhugh Lee's gallant war record is a matter of familiar history, both written and unwritten. He was always trusted and frequently commended by his superior officers, and was the idol of his brave troopers. He it was who blazed the way and guided Stonewall Jackson in the latter's great flank movement that won for the Confederate arms the battle of Chancellorsville. At Winchester, September 19, 1864, he had three horses killed under him and was severely wounded.

The last fighting done by the Army of Northern Virginia was the cavalry charge headed by "Fitz" Lee at Farmville, a few miles from Appomattox, on the 8th of April, 1865, when the Confederates were successful in driving back the Federal cavalry division of General Crook. Then Sheridan and Ord came up and ended the hopeless struggle, and the next day Grant and Lee settled the terms of the surrender. At the camp fire council of the Confederate leaders on the night of the 8th, "Fitz" Lee had asked, but was refused, permission to extricate his cavalry in case of surrender, provided it was done before the flag of truce should change the status. He was afraid his men would lose their horses—a fear which also oppressed his uncle and commander, General Robert E. Lee. But as history has recorded, General Grant magnanimously agreed to let "all men who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animals home with them to work their little farms."

General Fitzhugh Lee's chief title to literary fame is his brilliant "Life of General Lee," the best of all biographies of the great Confederate commander, dedicated "to the memory of the soldiers who fought and fell under the wave of Robert E. Lee's sword, and are 'sleeping in broken ranks, with the dew on their brows and the rust on their mail.'" The tone of this book is modest, manly and soldier-like. It is the expression of a true American who gladly fought for his convictions, and who frankly, yet in no cringing spirit, accepted the result of that fight as having settled the controversy forever.

The personal friendship between General Fitzhugh Lee and President Cleveland dated from the latter's first inauguration, March 4, 1885. Lee headed the division of Southern military organizations in the procession, and throughout the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue he was cheered with much greater enthusiasm than any of the other noted men whom the public recognized.

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A similar demonstration occurred in New York City four years later, when "Fitz" Lee rode up Fifth Avenue leading the yellow-plumed Virginian Troopers, to the stirring tune of "Dixie," in the Washington Centennial parade. On both these occasions, by the way, he sat in the identical saddle which his uncle, General Robert E. Lee, had used on his familiar gray war horse, Traveller. Any one who has seen "Fitz" Lee mounted on a Virginia thoroughbred is certain to have in memory ever afterward an ideal figure of a "knightly man on horseback." Afoot he is not so imposing, being only of medium stature and, of late years, quite portly. He has a fine head and face, with frank steel-blue eyes and a ruddy complexion, set off by his now almost white hair, mustache and imperial. His bearing is alert and military, and altogether he does not look his sixty-two years.

General Lee married, at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1871, Ellen Bernard, who also comes of one of the First Families of the Old Dominion. They have five children. Their home at Lynchburg is on the main residence street of that quaintly terraced old town, rising high above the south bank of the James River. It is a pleasant and hospitable house, in the old Virginia style, full of history and personal reminiscence in furniture, pictures and relics of various kinds. In the hall hangs a faded and tattered square of blue silk, which was General Lee's headquarters flag on the fields of war.

In the spring of 1896 President Cleveland had projected sending a special Commissioner to Cuba. Instead, he finally decided to appoint Lee Consul General, combining with the usual duties of the office the extra requirement that he should inform himself, as a military man, of the real status of affairs in the island for the guidance of the President. General Lee did not desire the office, but, once having consented to take the place, he has filled it in a manner to make his Government and his country feel proud of him.—Providence Journal.

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Mark Twain's Dream.—The other day, at a dinner given to him by our representative, Charlemagne Tower, Mark Twain made the Viennese laugh. He spoke in German. Knowing how funny he made that language read in A Tramp Abroad, one can fancy what he did with it orally. Just before the failure of his publishing house, in New York, says the Philadelphia Times, he one night delivered with curious gravity, amid shouts of laughter, a lengthy address, half in German, half in French. The same evening he spun a quaint yarn, something like this:

"I dreamed last night that I had died, and, of course, was in Heaven. I seemed to be entirely contented—with one exception. I wanted my boots blacked. I hunted around a long time before I spotted an angel with a blacking-box. He seemed to know me, or, perhaps, my boots, and said, 'Mr. Clemens, shine?'

"'Do you know how?' I asked.

"'You bet your boots,' said he.

"'Then get to work,' I said.

"And he did. Even now it almost paralyzes me to remember how that little angel got down to work. He polished until he was black in the face. That was on the right boot. Then he tackled the left. Then he went back to the right, and I noticed he had polished most of the hair off the brush. I don't know how long he was at the job, but it appeared to me about a week. Things are done thoroughly up there.

"After a while I got tired and looked down at him. He had polished off both my feet and reduced his own height, by the tremendous energy he put into the task, until he was about the size of a cucumber. I was so shocked that I awoke, and withdrew my shoes from the fire-grate, where they had been slowly charring."

At a Silent Play

WHERE ACTORS DO NOT SPEAK OR HEAR

THERE is an impression widely held that deaf-mutes number among their other afflictions a lack of mental power and intelligence bordering on imbecility. The impression, says a writer in Answers, is as fallacious as most of its kind, the reverse being the case in the majority of instances. Barring those pleasures in which the possession of the faculties of hearing and speaking are absolutely essential to participation, deaf-and-dumb persons manage to indulge in most of the sports and pastimes enjoyed by those more happily situated.

They enjoy cricket and foot-ball and other outdoor sports just as genuinely, and play them with equal skill and intelligence. The same may be said of indoor recreations. If you wish to enjoy a really good dance, you could not do better than obtain tickets for a ball given by deaf-and-dumb persons.

Just now I mentioned certain pastimes barred to them by reason of the necessity of speech and hearing. However, there are certain of these in which, by means of a compromise, they are enabled to participate; and in this connection most people will be surprised to learn that many excellent actors are to be found among them, and stage performances of first-rate merit.

With the aid of a hearing interpreter, I recently had the opportunity of a chat with a deaf-and-dumb gentleman who has been described, by one of our big London managers, as an actor second to none on the metropolitan stage. The same evening I was also afforded an opportunity of witnessing his appearance with his company in a well-known piece.

The performance was a thing to be remembered. The hall was packed, yet, with the exception of a very few, the spectators were solely composed of deaf-mutes. There was, of course, no orchestra, the time preceding the rising of the curtain being occupied with animated silent conversations.

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The effect was most curious—almost weird, in fact. Every now and then a spectator in a far corner of the hall stood up and violently gesticulated to some one at the other side of the room. By some magic process it was conveyed across the hall to the person in question that some one wished to speak to him. Then he in turn stood up, and the two carried on an animated conversation over the heads of those between them. Meanwhile, old friends were chatting merrily throughout the hall. It was a perfect field of fluttering fingers; a stupendous study of facial expression and gesture; a babel of conversation. Yet not a syllable was heard.

It was uncanny. Here was a whole mass of people, smiling, chatting intelligently, interchanging ideas and news, and yet withal an oppressive silence hung over the hall. Presently, in the same mysterious fashion, the curtain glided noiselessly upward.

At some performances it is customary to have a hearing and speaking reader to interpret the play to hearing visitors. On this occasion there was no such aid; yet the play from beginning to end was so perfectly acted, the gestures and actions of the actors were so suggestive, it was as intelligible as though every word were perfectly articulated.

One was naturally a little at a loss at the opening of the piece, but once the thread of the play evolved itself, its action was as clear as daylight, and it proved in every way as enjoyable and amusing as though the parts had been spoken. All the parts were spelled by means of the familiar sign-language, with appropriate facial and physical expression far more real and convincing than that common on the regular stage.

Among the spectators there was the most rapt attention and the keenest perception of the points of the play. Here and there a pair of white hands, with fluttering fingers, shot up in the darkness, and dropped again as suddenly, giving way to the language of an answering pair criticising the play.

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Now and again the utter silence was broken by a roar of clapping, as some special piece of acting commended itself to the spectators. It died out as suddenly, leaving a few of the more enthusiastic spectators still applauding. One went on for some time by himself, but nobody took any notice. It could not interfere with their enjoyment, for they could not hear it. Yet clapping, curiously enough, is a sign of joy among these silent people, just as it is among their more fortunate fellow-creatures.

Presently the curtain came down—one cannot say rang down, for a sign must do duty as a bell—and the spectators dispersed, laughing happily, and chatting merrily in their silent language, mimicking the actors with a facility of expression possible only to one whose ideas must be so expressed.

After the piece, I learned a few interesting facts about the methods used in preparing these plays. The books of the piece are distributed to the members of the company, with their parts marked, just as is done on the professional stage. The parts themselves are also learned in the usual way, except that all the actor's attention is directed, of course, to the possibilities of expressing each word and each sentence with the most appropriate and expressive gestures.

The Strike in the Choir

SOLVING THE MUSIC PROBLEM IN OUR VILLAGE

By Robert J. Burdette

WHEN I was a boy, away back in the years when the days were so short that it took fourteen or fifteen of them to make a week, I attended Divine service with my parents in an old Baptist church in Peoria. My legs were short and the pew was high, and while I listened to the sermon and swung my feet, shackled by the unwonted and cruel shoon of the Sabbath Day, I often wondered how many hundred years it would be ere I could reach the floor with my feet as my father did. There were two footstools in the pew, but it was considered wicked for a boy to put his feet on one of them. They were made exclusively for grown-up people who did not need them. They were also used to trap the unwary stranger who came sliding softly and sideways into the pew without an invitation. He fell over one and kicked the other. That notified the worshipers in the front pews that there was a stranger within our gates and they could turn around and look at him. But for this automatic system of signaling, many a devout woman would have gone home without knowing the particular kind of clothing the stranger wore.

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Straight across the rear of the church, high above the congregation, ran a long gallery. Here was the melodeon, which was the pipe-organ of our day; here sat the choir, literally and musically "out of sight." I remember we had an odd custom, originating in some idea so old that nobody could remember it, and the rest of us never knew it: When the congregation rose to sing the closing hymn, it about-faced and looked at the choir. Then at the end of the hymn we faced about once more and received the benediction. I supposed this was done to give the congregation opportunity to see who was in the choir and what they had on, and also to enable the singers to complete their inventory of the congregational adornments. It must have been tantalizing to look at the backs of heads all through the service and guess at the face trimming of every new bonnet.

Because in those days you always had to walk all the way around a bonnet to take in the entire pattern. Your mother, dear, did not wear a postage stamp with two horns on it and call it a bonnet. Men talk about the big hat you wear in the opera house. I wish your critic might have stood behind your grandmother at a baptism out in Peoria back in the fifties. He couldn't have seen the lake, nor very much of the woods on the opposite shore. He might have caught a glimpse of the sky if the day was fair and your grandmother stood still. But when she rose on her tip-toes to reach E in Coronation, he could see her bonnet and that was all. And that was enough. In that day a bonnet was built to cover the wearer's head. And neck. And a section of the shoulders. And to overshadow the face. And a flower-garden in full bloom blazed and shone and clustered around, above and beneath it. None of your buds and grasses in those days.

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And our choir! Well, now, there was a choir that could sing! When they felt in good voice, which was every time they stood up, you couldn't hear the melodeon. They read music at sight as a proof-reader reads print. And they sang in a way that made everybody else sing. Everybody would sing anyhow, therefore it was useless for the leader—nobody called him the chorister then—to select new tunes and spring them upon the audience suddenly. The congregation would join in with all confidence just the same, on the second word, and sing right along, only a syllable or two behind. If the hymn was of the usual length, by the time they sang through the third stanza they knew the tune as well as the choir did, and carried the remaining four or five stanzas through with splendid spirit. You see we weren't given to short services in those days. There was no reason why we should be.

The singing was never wearisome, because we did it all ourselves, and would as soon think of hiring our Sunday-school teachers as our singers. I never but once heard our minister chop a hymn up into cutlets and have us omit the first and last stanzas, and hop over the third and fifth, singing it as though we were playing a game of musical hop-scotch, and that was because he objected to some faulty doctrine in one of the verses. When he preached he said what he had to say without the least regard for the clock. As he always had something to say which we either wanted or needed to hear, or both, it never occurred to the congregation that there was a great, round-faced clock on the front of the gallery softly ticking its subdued amens all through the service. Our preacher has been down East a great many years teaching preachers how to preach, so we may get back to the life-size sermons and whole hymns again some of these days.

Well, that choir was so praised and lauded, and deservedly so, that at last it exalted its horn "like the horn of a unicorn," and decided to take the entire charge of the musical portion of the service. The leader, a young man with sublime confidence, a splendid voice, long, curling hair tucked under at the ends, as was the fashion with young men of that day, like the Jack of Spades, if you know what that is, and a wealth of bear's grease, flavored with bergamot, came to the preacher and said: "Mr. Seekpeace, I must have the hymns for Sunday service on Friday morning hereafter. I have changed rehearsal from Saturday to Friday evening."

"But I can't let you have them Friday morning," the preacher said, "because I do not always know at that time what I will preach about on the Sunday following. You may have them Saturday morning, as usual."

But the leader would not have it that way, and he said so. The preacher was a man not given to controversy in small matters. He said what he had to say on the subject in a few words selected from the English language, principally monosyllables, and went his way, as also did the leader, their ways beginning at the same point and running respectively east by east and due west. The preacher sent the leader the numbers of the hymns on the morning of the Saturday following.

Sunday morning dawned. The congregation, painfully arrayed in stiff and starched and rustling garments sacred to the day and the place, assembled with customary decorum. One by one the deacons walked up the aisles to their places, timing their steps with mournful squeaks that deepened the solemnity of the hour and awakened mirth only in the breasts of the younger children, who were promptly thumped to respectful silence by the catapult of some adult finger.

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The hymn was given, and all the hymn-books in the pews rustled open. We listened for the usual little muffled commotion of the choir getting into position with its little fussiness of small affectations, but there was a most fearsome silence. We turned our heads, looked up, and saw a gallery as empty as the Foreign Mission Treasury at the close of the year. The presence of the singers scattered here and there among the congregation was explained. Some light-hearted members of the choir tittered, but the rest of us were frightened. The preacher looked up quickly and understood. He quietly closed the hymn-book, opened the Bible, read the Scripture, offered prayer, gave out the notices for the week, preached his sermon and pronounced the benediction. Calm and unruffled and undisturbed was he, as though that had been the order of service for a hundred years. The evening service was conducted in like manner. No hymns were given out, no reference was made to the subject. He was so quiet and natural that we began to wonder if that hadn't been the way we always worshiped, and had only dreamed that we used to have a choir and sang hymns of praise.

Of course, that wouldn't do. The deacons came together, investigated the trouble and proffered their services as arbitrators. The leader was firm, the preacher was adamant. Finally the latter said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will give the choir the hymns for the next six months, and the leader may have rehearsal any time that best suits him."

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The deacons carried the proposition to the choir; it was accepted; the gallery and the pulpit were reconciled; the preacher was meekly submissive, the leader was radiantly triumphant. But being disposed to be gracious and magnanimous, he gave the preacher two or three days to get over the first sharp humiliation and pang of defeat, then called on him for the hymns. The preacher sat down and wrote a long column of numbers, beginning at 1 and running in regular progression—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc., up to 156.

"There," he said, with the air of a defeated man, "sing them as they come."

The leader bowed as he took the list with the kindly condescension of a big-hearted conqueror, and retired.

The Sunday morning after the treaty of peace was made the church meeting-house was crowded. In his pew, far up in front of all others, sat Deacon Robert Standfast. He was a prosperous cattleman, a very Jacob, and had been out on the prairies with his flocks and herds when all this trouble occurred. He loved his pastor with all the tenderness of a big man. Deacon Standfast fairly blazed with indignation when he heard how his pastor had been treated. He declared that it should never happen so again. He reached town late Saturday night and had heard only about the war. He knew nothing of the declaration of peace, or rather, nothing of the armistice of six months.

So, when the first hymn was given out, the choir made that pause of a little minute, fluttering its wings and smoothing its plumage before it broke into song. The silence smote upon the heart of Deacon Standfast, still rankling with a sense of the indignity put upon his beloved pastor. He arose to his feet, drew up his muscular figure until he loomed up like Saul among his brethren—"from his shoulders and upward higher than any of the people"—filled his lungs, and in a mighty voice that had echoed over the surging backs of many a horned herd on the storm-swept prairies, a resounding shout of far-reaching cadences that was qualified to paralyze a stampeded steer into forgetfulness of the terror that was driving him to frenzy, he "raised the tune."

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Alas, for the soul of music, for the service of the sanctuary, out of that strength came forth no sweetness, for Deacon Standfast could not distinguish a funeral dirge from a college yell. And he roared off the first verse of that hymn by himself. But he was enough. He needed no reinforcement. With open mouths, dumb with amazement, that choir stood in its silent place waiting for him to reach the end of the stanza, intending to waylay him and head him off on the second. Vain hope. They did not know his powers of endurance. He drew but one long, deep breath at the end of the closing line, and went right on with the next verse, developing cumulative power with the exhilaration of his work, until he wound up the long hymn with a long-drawn halloo that sounded like a cross between a war-whoop and a hallelujah. One by one the silent choir sat down as that tuneless hymn progressed, but the congregation, although not venturing to "assist," stood by most nobly while Deacon Standfast lustily sang his first and last solo in that church. I believe he never sang again; not even in chorus.

After that break, however, all went fairly well for several weeks, maybe a month. Then the congregation stood up at eight o'clock one Sunday night and sang,

"Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes."

And once the morning service opened with:

"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing."

But as not more than one singer in a hundred, perhaps, sings a hymn with any thought of its meaning, simply considering the words as rather useless necessities, merely put in to vocalize the music, the incongruity of the selections did not strike more than three or four people beside the preacher, and they were not present. But the Sunday morning following that, the leader came to the preacher before service, with a troubled face and said:

"Look here, Mr. Seekpeace, this will never do at all."

"Well, what is the matter now?"

"Why," said the leader, "this opening hymn. It is:

"'Brother, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.'

Now, there has been but one death in this church in the past six weeks, and that was old Dodd Swearinger, who got so mad yesterday while he was beating his horse with a pick-handle that he fell down in a fit and died in two minutes—a man with the worst temper in the State of Illinois. We can't sing that, Mr. Seekpeace."

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The preacher melted at the sight of the leader's appealing face. He smiled a pleasant smile that might have had two shades of meaning in it. He may have been pleased to meet a man who recognized the fact that a hymn without appropriate words is about as virile and strong as a human body without a skeleton. Or he may have been pleased about something else. Anyhow, he smiled without permitting a gleam of triumph to shine across his face. He said, "Very well," and selected hymns for morning and evening service.

There was never again the shadow of trouble between the choir and the pulpit in that church. Other leaders came and went. The choir changed, as choirs do; changing voices drove out the boys who sang soprano or alto-soprano—we used to call it "tribble," didn't we? Marriage closed the mouths of the girls who, womanlike, appeared to consider it a solemn, religious duty to "forget their music" and "never touch the piano" after the first baby was born. Bassos and tenors came and went. But so long as that preacher was pastor the choir in that church sang the hymns appointed them, and it was generally understood, although nothing was ever said about it, that the head of that church was on its shoulders, and not on the neck of a music-rack stand.

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Paderewski's Great Love of Candy.—Paderewski was formerly a great consumer of sweetmeats, but when this amiable weakness became known to his admirers he received such overwhelming supplies of bonbons and so on that the liking for confectionery quite left him.

Dream of the Sea

By Albert Bigelow Paine

A FARMER lad in his prairie home
Lay dreaming of the sea!
He had ne'er seen it, but well he knew
Its pictured image and heavenly line;
And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters blue,
With its winds a-blowing free,
With the winds so fresh and free.

He woke! and he said: "The day will come
When that shall be truth to me;"
But as years swept by him he always found
That his feet were clogged and his hands were bound,
Till at last he lay in a narrow mound,
Afar from the sobbing sea,
The sorrowing, sobbing sea.

Oh, many there were on the plains to-night,
That dream of a voyage to be;
And have said in their soul: "The day will come
When my bark shall sweep through the drifts of foam!"
But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow dumb,
Afar from the tossing sea,
The turbulent, teasing sea.

—Rhymes by Two Friends.

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This Pleasure-Loving Age

TAKING RECREATION TOO SERIOUSLY

THE great and growing power of pleasure must be admitted by every careful student of the tendencies of the times. The increased and constantly increasing supply of the means of excitement, self-indulgence and social dissipation is a distinguishing feature of our generation. In modern society amusement is more and more coming to be regarded as one of the supreme ends for which men live. The old-time ideals of Puritanism, which emphasized the grandeur and seriousness of living, are rapidly giving place to the worship of the Epicureanism that would measure the days by the pulsations of pleasure they bring.

Things must have reached a crisis when they call forth a protest from a philosopher as broad in his tolerance and sympathies as John Morley. That far from straight-laced thinker and writer expressed, in a recent speech, the fear that the young people of this generation are inclined to take their amusements too seriously and the business of life too lightly. Exhilarating exercise was not depreciated by him. On the contrary, he declared that he could view with delight the whole population of the country, male and female, old and young, racing about on bicycles, if only they would observe due laws of moral proportion.

Here the man, who persistently pains Christians by spelling the name of God with a little g, joins hands with ministers of the gospel in calling attention to that lack of moral proportion in pleasure-seeking which is debasing the higher life of our generation. In the rush and roar of living there must be a restful pause in which the worker can find that recreation which will fit him for renewed activity. Every young man should have his favorite pastime—his base-ball, foot-ball, golf or cycling—but it should be kept in its place and not allowed to become the business of life. Maintaining strength of body and vigor of mind is a duty, but it is a duty which ought ever to be subordinated to other and higher duties—duties to our spiritual self, to our fellows, and to our God. To emphasize amusement as the chief concern of life is to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, and to renounce the crown of manhood for a merely animal existence.

The power of pleasure over a man's life tests the height of his moral stature. So long as it is servant, pleasure cheers, helps and strengthens him, but the moment it becomes his master he drifts into a chaos of character which can mean nothing but confusion for his finer sensibilities, and shipwreck for the ideals which shone before him in his noblest moods. The slave of pleasure is imprisoned in a narrowing cell which not only shuts out the light of Heaven, but ultimately crushes the soul into despair.

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John the Apostle has spoken a message of peculiar significance for our pleasure-loving age. Its solemn truth should startle those who make an amusement of life and a business of pleasure into a realization of their folly. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever." To John the world was but a huge Vanity Fair, all alive at night with light and enjoyment and music, but in the morning nothing is left except the trodden grass and a broken pole or two to mark where it had been. It was passing away like a stage picture upon which the curtain would soon fall. There was nothing permanent about it. That old message has to be repeated urgently and loudly in our day. The world that is bulks so largely in the eyes of the multitude that they cannot see the world to come, with its abiding joys. Pleasure-seekers have a witness to this truth in their hearts and experience, for the pessimism which constantly dogs the footsteps of their pleasure comes from the revolt of the soul that will not be satisfied with the husks of time, but hungers for the bread of eternity. "In Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."—New York Observer.

With a Personal Flavor

ITEMS OF CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

Lord Salisbury's Repartee.—That Lord Salisbury possesses a decided gift for repartee may be gathered from the following: A heated discussion having been carried on for some time in his presence, relating to a current topic, one of the most emphatic of the party remarked: "I shan't get any of you to agree with me, you are such a complete set of Philistines." Lord Salisbury quietly asked whether he remembered what happened to the Philistines. The reply was: "Certainly not." "They were smitten by the jaw bone of an ass!" was the caustic rejoinder, in which the contending party utterly collapsed without a word.

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Rockefeller's Great Ambition.—When Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the American millionaire, was a lad he had but one ambition—to be the bookkeeper in the business house where he was an office boy. Every morning he dusted the bookkeeper's stool with extra care and every day he bestowed a little extra polish upon the desk belonging of that functionary. Meanwhile he added up the figures and worked most indefatigably over a copy book and a spelling-[illegible].

After a while he was allowed to copy reports; gradually he became assistant bookkeeper, and finally bookkeeper. Then he started for himself, and is even yet new enough to business to be a source of much wonder and gratitude.

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Blackmore's Accidental Success.—[illegible] Doone, that masterpiece of narrative and romance, was offered by its author to eighteen publishers before it was printed, doubtfully, by an unknown firm. Then it did not sell until the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise took place, whereat some one, loyal and hard-headed, thought that the new novel must in some way treat of the happy couple. Every one rushed to the booksellers, and in this way the grand story was discovered.

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Irving's Spectacles.—Sir Henry Irving has one peculiarity that only those brought into intimate contact with him recognize. This is in regard to the number of spectacles and glasses of various sorts, that he always has in hand—both at the Lyceum Theatre and at home. At the Lyceum he has twenty dozen pairs of one kind or another, and no employee about the place ever dreams of removing them, for when Sir Henry is busy with some production he is perpetually losing his spectacles, and, as he is far more dependent on these than most people know, he has to hurry to the nearest point where he is sure he may find another pair.

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Max O'Rell in New York Society.—While Max O'Rell was lecturing in this country a certain well-known society lady offered him a handsome fee for a private lecture which, contrary to his usual custom, he accepted. Then he looked at the lady's letter again, and noticed the following postscript: "I presume you will not expect to be entertained afterward." He promptly canceled the engagement and sent the following polite letter to the lady: "Dear Madam: As a literary man of some reputation I have many times had the pleasure of being entertained by old French and English aristocracies, and, if it will interest you, I may add that I have had the honor of being entertained by Royalties; but my ambition has never been so weird as to imagine that I should one day be entertained by the aristocracy of New York!"

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Vanity of the Sultan.—This story is told of the Sultan of Turkey. Long before he seemed likely to have any chance of succeeding to the throne he used to take lessons from Professor Vambéry, who was at that time a teacher of languages at Constantinople. Abdul Hamid was an apt scholar, and learned to speak French quite well.

Many years later, Vambery returned to Constantinople and found his former pupil on the throne. The Sultan was glad to see him, though not a word of welcome was spoken in French.

Vambery, on inquiring the reason of this relapse from diplomatic language, was informed that while the Sultan had not forgotten his friends, he never spoke a foreign language within the hearing of others, because he might make a mistake. That would never do for a Sultan.

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The Apron of an Empress.—The German Empress is not at all extravagant in the matter of dress, but she possesses a wonderful selection of aprons. When, not many months ago, a committee of ladies presented her with a white satin one, with the names of her five sons embroidered in gold, the Empress graciously thanked them, explaining, "My husband likes me to wear [illegible]; he says it looks more domestic." The young [illegible] delighted with this [illegible] marked Mother [illegible] well forget us when she carries our names on her apron.

What War Costs the Nation

THE LESSON OF PRUDENCE THAT FIGURES TEACH

MANY persons, especially those whose youth [illegible] prevented [illegible] pleaded [illegible] ignorance, very glibly about war and the wisdom of [illegible] a nation for the satisfaction of any petty spite which we may feel against a foreign Government or people. It therefore becomes at once interesting and important to inquire what war actually is. In one of its phases the question has been most broadly answered by Camille Flammarion, who a few years ago made a historic study of the ruin wrought by war, and out of his research evolved some striking facts and figures.

How many men are destroyed by war in a century? he asked, and responded:

We know that during the unaccountable Franco-German War of 1870 250,000 men were slain on the two sides; that during the Crimean War of 1854-'55 [illegible] 788,000 were [illegible]; that during the short Italian War [illegible] men fell on the field of battle; or, dividing hosts, that the game of chess between Prussia and Austria in 1866 deprived [illegible] individuals of life; that in the United States the strife between the North and South caused the death of 450,000 men in 1860-'65; we know also that the wars of the First Empire poured out the blood of 3,000,000, and that France has taken up arms twenty times since 1815. On adding the number of victims of war during the last century, a total of 19,840,000 is reached in the civilized countries of Europe and in the United States.

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Commencing with the Trojan War, the case has been the same in all ages of history. Certain remarkable battles, fought hand to hand with knife or club, have had the memorable honor of leaving as many as 200,000 men dead on the field; as examples we cite the defeat of the Cimbrians and the Teutons by Marius and the last exploits of Attila. Eighteen to twenty million men are killed every century in Europe by the enlightened institution of war. If these men, averaging thirty years of age, should join hands, they would form a line 4500 leagues long, crossing all Europe and Asia.

A great amount of money is necessary in order to kill in proper manner, for each man slain costs about $7000. The increasing and multiplying taxes of all nations are never sufficient to pay for the butchery of troops. Every year Europe alone spends more than $1,200,000,000 in shedding her children's blood, and France spends $900,000 every day.

When it is considered that the onward movement of the world in civilization has been wholly along the line of industrial development, the withdrawal of this great mass of human effort and accumulated capital from the world's business is appalling in itself. But when we reflect that war is after all, only a duel between nations, and that the duel between individuals, from which it is copied, is merely a survival of the old superstition concerning the efficacy of the ordeal by combat in punishing wrong and promoting justice, it seems incomprehensible that in this unsuperstitious age even a handful of educated and intelligent men would seek war deliberately as long as there is any possibility of avoiding it.

The trouble with a war is not confined to the immediate havoc which it causes. Its after effects are in some respects worse than those directly in view, for it leaves the seeds of moral and economic disease in the blood of the nation. The whole thought of the masses of a people becomes distorted. The vanquished nation cannot go back to its old life as if nothing had happened, for it is bound, as long as human nature is human nature, to keep constantly in view for many years the possibilities of vengeance, and this distracts popular attention from legitimate enterprises. In the mind of the victorious nation an equal, or even more disastrous, change is inevitably wrought.

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From considering what is the right thing to do, the people fall to discussing simply what their newly proved strength will enable them to do, and the loudest braggart becomes the most popular statesman. In business values become utterly untrustworthy. The debasement of the currency, which is almost always a feature of prolonged warfare, makes it extremely difficult to return to a firm financial foundation again, because the fictitious inflation of values has unsettled the public judgment. Every attempt at contraction is resented by all who have anything for sale because they do not stop to consider the compensating advantages of the lower prices they may pay when they have anything to buy.

These illustrations must be familiar to all Americans old enough to have lived through the Civil War and witnessed the struggles of the nation to get back to its old mooring even after peace has reigned for more than thirty years. But to the younger generation who have not seen and taken part in these struggles, at each successive stage, this reasoning is not so comprehensible. A clearer view of the economic side of war may be presented to them by considering how much they are now having to pay out of their own pockets for the satisfaction their fathers and grandfathers felt in making war upon their own brethren before the present generation was born.

A glance over the appropriations for the fiscal year 1898 presents this matter in a striking light; and the particular session chosen is by no means the one in which the largest appropriations have been passed during recent years. It therefore represents more than a reasonable average. For convenience of reference the items may be placed in a table:

Subjects	Appropriations
War claim for gold seized by Confederate States Government [illegible] January 29, 1866	$[illegible]
Certified claims for [illegible] and [illegible]	[illegible]
Court of claims cases [illegible] relating to Civil War about	[illegible]
Horse claims and Quartermaster accounts, about	[illegible]
[illegible] paroled Confederate soldiers, about	[illegible]
Records of the Rebellion [illegible]	[illegible]
Rescuing of the Rebellion navy [illegible]	[illegible]
Record and Pension Office, War Department share for the Civil War, about	[illegible]
[illegible] and Pension Office [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] payments to veterans, their widows and children [illegible]	[illegible]
Salaries in Pension Office, Washington	[illegible]
Salaries of special examiners [illegible]	[illegible]
Expense of investigating claims [illegible]	[illegible]
Salaries of agency clerks [illegible]	[illegible]
Salaries of pension agents [illegible]	72,177 44
Rents of agencies in other than public buildings, repairs, fuel, light and contingent expenses, about	[illegible]
National cemeteries [illegible]	[illegible]
National cemeteries, superintendents' [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] distances [illegible]	[illegible]
Artificial [illegible] Confederate [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] furloughed soldiers [illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Fort [illegible]	[illegible]
Fort [illegible]	[illegible]
Fort

French Girls in their Homes

THE DOMESTIC SIDE OF LIFE IN FRANCE

By Th. Bentzon

Translated by Bellona Phelps

A SHORT time ago I received an interesting letter from a friend in Chicago, which closed as follows:

"You have observed nothing more truly than that the women of my country are quick and ready to take up ideas—perhaps only with the restless hunger of the Athenians of old for 'something new,' as described by St Paul, but I think they are also ready to put ideas into practical experiment. If, therefore, you would kindly, instead of devoting a page of useful suggestion to me alone, give us an article in some American magazine on the bringing up of French girls in domestic and practical affairs, I am sure my countrywomen would thank you, and would seize upon any valuable suggestions for their daughters' training and improvement."

The question asked, in fact, was this: Foreigners often reproach our women with the lack of domestic virtues and accomplishments. I have myself a daughter (now in her teen years of age, and still a mere schoolgirl), and I am much puzzled how to bring into her life the love and admiration for household duties. I am set to wondering how and when you do it in F——.

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Without hesitation, I should say ——— it all the time, and almost unconsciously by contact and example. A French girl, as a rule, is less frequently urged toward a higher course of education than an American, although we, too, have our bachelors of art, our women physicians, and, quite recently, our women lawyers. But these are exceptions. What she does obtain, in general, is a solid fund of history and literature, the artistic accomplishments needed for life in society, skilful fingers, and a taste for the daily duties and tasks of home life. Formerly she was brought up in the convent, where needlework and the making of sweets and dainties of all kinds were carried to the greatest perfection. These talents may have stood somewhat in the way of others, but the pupil left the convent with excellent manners and perfectly able to manage a house according to her rank and fortune. Convents have a much broader program nowadays, still, this does not alter the fact that within the past thirty years lay instruction has been generally preferred and sought, in cities. This change began during the Second Empire, when *cours* for young girls were started, at the Sorbonne by M. Duruy, then Minister of Public Instruction.

A *cours* is something between a lecture and a lesson, for the student must furnish proofs that the statements heard have been understood and retained. In order to attend the Sorbonne *cours* given by professors of the University faculty, the student's name is entered for any particular series or as many as is seen fit. The young girls take notes which they enlarge at home. These exercises are handed in at the next lecture, and the student receives them corrected and annotated with the greatest care by the best professors in France, each correcting the work of his own specialty. There are also private *cours* leading as well to graduation at the University—in fact, the only graduation known in France. It must be remembered that any person can present himself or herself for graduation and is not asked where the knowledge was obtained; all that is necessary is that it be sufficient. Some of the private *cours* are given daily, others weekly. In the latter case the pupils are accompanied by their mothers or governess, who are present during the lesson and can thus supervise the work to be done at home, knowing what will be required.

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Perhaps no one in foreign countries suspects the authority exercised over a French girl by her parents, although old people cannot against a certain emancipation they notice; nor is it generally known with what ——— submission that young girl, as a rule, ——— her mother as her model. This may perhaps, depend upon the importance of ——— in society, and the complete ——— all rights on the part of young girls who are but pale *nebulæ*, totally eclipsed by those stars which are not allowed to shine in all their brilliancy until after their marriage, and indefinitely afterward. France is the country, above all others, of the married society belle. In consequence, the young girl remains at home, in very close intimacy with a mother who, by tradition and inherited tastes, is a good housekeeper honored for this very reason.

The art of cooking is held in high esteem. Carême has named it the "fifth fine art". Brillat-Savarin wrote a masterpiece on the Physiology of Taste, Alexandre Dumas in his very learnedly compiled Dictionary of Cooking—for he did not disdain to practice "that science of good living" himself nor to don the white apron in case of need—says that "gourmandize," which is anything but greediness, "is a hospitable art, comprising all elegance and courtesy." That "men are governed by dinners" is a French old and quite a correct one. A celebrated gastronomer, the Marquis de Cussy, used to say that God had created the French woman to preside over her kitchen, and this assertion was never considered an insult. She at whom he aimed was too well aware of the link between the drawing rooms, of which she is the queen, and dinners, those most potent and indispensable stimulants to conversation, always provided that these dinners mean something more than very expensive dishes served haphazard and without discernment. "He who receives his friends without giving his personal attention to the meal prepared for them is not worthy of having friends," said Brillat-Savarin. Our children have heard such axioms repeated more or less frequently, and have been present at the learned discussions on "good living" between elderly people thoroughly convinced of the gravity of the subject.

Both literature and history lend here a single prestige to the art of cooking. French people are fully persuaded that in everything concerning culinary matters no nation equals them. Perhaps they show more conceit on this point than on any other, speaking contemptuously of foreign cookery, and satisfied that when it is tolerable it is only on account of ——— borrowed from France. I ———, perhaps, for the full comprehension of good living, it may be a matter of predestination to be born in the home of good wines, varied fruits, excellent game, in a country acknowledged to be a privileged one both for its products and the ways of preparing them, and moreover in a sociable country, where, above all else, people love to meet in order to converse leisurely at table. Girls, during the period of their studies, are present at all these dinners, where conversation is unrestrained, but they aspire to holding an honored place there.

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The *cours* she attends not occupying more than a few hours a week, the child sees her mother actively engaged in household duties and making them her chief business. As she grows older a slow initiation begins; her mother relies on her for the performance of certain of those duties. Consider the fact that neither mothers nor daughters in our country have as yet taken any part in public life, that they have no clubs, and that charity for them most frequently consists simply in almsgiving, without any cares as to the organization of the charity work.

With the exception of her social obligations, a woman gives herself up entirely to her home, where her husband, more exacting, I believe, than American husbands, expects all possible comforts. Judging by her father, the young girl learns what she has to expect from the future companion of her own life. She is told again and again that she cannot get married, whatever her rank may be, unless she has the qualifications of a good housekeeper, that a wife's hold upon her husband consists in a comfortable home and well cared for table.

Now, the chief aim of the average French girl is marriage; she prepares for it all her life; she has the wish to please ingrained in her and constantly cultivated by maternal foresight, and she knows that the most intelligent and superior man considers a perfectly cooked dinner far above all great talents when his wife is in question.

Frenchwomen are taught early in life that men abhor pedantic women, and hear words like these: "Education is far more important than grammar or arithmetic. Grammar and arithmetic are no more than the art of speaking and counting, while education is the art of living." I leave the responsibility of this aphorism to its talented author, the Vicomtesse d'Arlincourt, who is, in the main, I am of her opinion. But this kind of encouragement does not stimulate toward the conquest of diplomas, even though it makes one appreciate the happiness of being well brought up, and a woman is not considered well brought up, in France, unless she is an accomplished housekeeper.

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Where the Parisienne's art of managing manifests itself most completely, although secretly, is in those modest homes where slender means are allied to elegant tastes and habits. Perfect miracles are performed there with the one "general housework" who suffices because Madame dusts, mends, stirs the sauces turning up her lace cuffs for the purpose, makes her own dresses in such a way as to let people think that she is gowned by a skilled dressmaker, and, in short, works harder in order to appear well than many a one does to earn a living.

Where did she learn it all? By tradition and intuition. The whole secret lies in these two words for the Frenchwoman, who knows so many things without having taken lessons, and for this very reason smiles a little at the frequent recurrence of the word trained in England and America. No doubt she is wrong, for not everything can be improvised, yet improvisation certainly has its charm. "Charm"—I fall back on the great French word. One must be attractive at all cost. The most extensive college curriculum would never make up for the lack of charm. When her husband comes home from his office, he finds the daintily dressed little woman very charming, who, throwing her arms about his neck, while an appetizing odor escapes from the dining room, says, "I have prepared such a surprise for you that I'm just dying to hear what you'll say of it!"

But why take all this trouble, you will ask since you still have such good servants in France? Because good servants cost relatively a great deal, and people have often to be satisfied with poorly trained ones. Little incomes are far more numerous in France than large ones, and in the stagnant and sleepy provinces men do not "make" any money; all they can do is to save it. Often, thanks to the wife's economy, the ancestral castle is not sold, and in the homes of the gentry in small cities the mother would, as the saying goes, "shave an egg" if that were possible, for in her opinion it is never "mean" to be saving when it is a question of increasing her children's future fortune; for her son will, as a matter of course, receive a poorly paid position in one of the Government departments, and her daughter, however pretty, cannot get married without a dowry.

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It is difficult wholly to understand this in America, where sons willingly go and seek their fortune far from home, and where marriage generally is decided, especially as concerns men, by inclination alone. In the United States I have always been struck by the liberality of husbands toward their wives and, on the other hand, I have noticed that the latter considered money as a thing made to be spent. That arises from the fundamental difference in marriages in the two countries.

With us inclination takes the second place in a union of interests concluded in view of the welfare of future children; the first consideration is the idea of founding a family, and it is far more a social institution than a mere question of hearts; although, later on, hearts are often moved to take a part in the transaction. Here, more than anywhere else, a woman is a partner, taking her share in all business affairs. See her in the shop sitting at the desk and watching all that goes on; see her in the fields working like a man, in a way which erroneously excites the pity and indignation of Americans, for work in the open air is wholesomer than that in factories. Her rôle, more or less concealed, is the same everywhere, and she is only too happy if she is not obliged, by dint of privations, to stop the gaps her husband's recklessness may make in the common fortune which, by right, ought to be handed on int.

Women in France are ever the guardians of principles—of prejudices, too, I grant that. The admirable provincial woman is narrow in her ideas of religion and politics, hostile to higher education, she may be the captive of a round of petty devotional practices, her conversation is ——— monotonous, her favorite books, be ——— prayer book, are the Cuisinière Bourgeoise and La Maison Rustique des Dames, an excellent book on domestic economy, by Madame Millet-Robinet. But in spite of all this, she has many incontestable virtues, beginning with her active charity, which gets along with her saving habits, for, accustomed to sacrifices, she knows how to deny herself so as to give to the poor and the church.

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Those good servants who used to spend their whole life with the same masters, servants who were as much attached to the children they had brought up as they were to their own, are becoming few and far between. I believe that in Paris one could seek them in vain—yet just there, servants make up their minds to be nothing else, without either the hope or wish to change their occupation. In the provinces, however, one still finds in lieu of talents, those qualities of attachment and morality which make it easy for the mistress and her young ladies" to spend much time in the kitchen. This is always the largest room in the house, of fine proportions, with a semi-monumental fireplace, under whose projecting mantle everybody stops on entering to enjoy the warmth, thus established a sort of familiarity, not unmixed with respect, on the servants' side, but still cordial. I remember that the days when preserves were being made, in my youth, seemed perfect holidays to me, as were also other memorable ones when some special household rites were regularly performed. The mistress of the house never thinks she is degrading herself by doing household work, the young ladies are accustomed to make their beds and dust their rooms, to sew, clean silver, take care of the china and glass, and they do not despise these humble duties, making all the better matches on this account—which is quite encouraging from their point of view, the vocation of spinster being a very rare one in France, outside of the cloister, for it is considered almost disgraceful not to marry.

The check book is an unknown thing for Frenchwomen, on account of the difference in the banking system of the two countries. All expenses are paid in cash and entered on the old-fashioned household expense book. They do not bake bread, because we eat so much of it that every large family would need a special bread maker if they wanted it fresh. Peasants still knead their great, round, flat loaves of brown bread, keep them indefinitely, and they are delicious with milk or butter, but as soon as people live near enough to a village, both rich and poor buy their bread at the baker's, and as a rule it is very good because it is much cared for, and forms, together with soup, the staple of an ordinary French meal.

Most assuredly, the linen is counted and written down—I mean in town, where never the laundress comes for it. In the country the washing is done at home. It is a proof of wealth to do this at long intervals, and then the soaking and rinsing of the mountain of linen becomes a subject of pride and a "state affair." As regards the uselessness of wearing out one's eyes upon articles sold in the shops at low prices, you could add the inquiry as to why all that is worn and consumed in certain religious orders is made in, and by the community. It is not a matter of economy, merely, but proceeds from a certain spirit of simplicity and discipline, from a sense of respect for custom and submission to rule. In the same way, it is the habit for girls, in some rural parts of old France, to spin and sew their own marriage outfits themselves. Sheets and clothing, together with stockings knitted during the long winter evenings, are piled up in the big closet, scented with lavender, to await the wedding day. And among the provincial gentry, careful mothers cut and shape fine linen and cambric for the same purpose while the future bride is still a tiny girl. Dozen by dozen bed and body linen is tied up with pink or blue ribbons, and this is added to the dowry patiently amassed, thanks to the rigid economy and, often, parsimony of the parents.

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The extraordinary activity of women in the United States, although devoted to admirable things, seems to take them away from home a little too much, and lately I have read, in some articles signed by Dorothy Maddox, what I should never have suspected, namely, that two-thirds of the American children—not the richer, of course—are suffering from lack of good food because the mother assumes too many unnecessary duties, "the entire family waiting very often until the head of the house comes back at night before it can hope for a square ———." If this be true, then American women have, indeed, something to learn from the old-fashioned French ones, who are, however, learning much more from them. Do not let the spreading of knowledge, of sociology, and of general ideas among the girls of the future, prevent their devotion to the many small duties upon which the happiness of those nearest to them depends.

Now, to sum up all this. What has constituted the superiority of our girls hitherto, in the matter of household work, is the limit fixed to the instruction usually given to women; the submission to duties keeping in check that individualism which is too apt to develop at times into egotism and self-sufficiency, a taste for domestic life, the generality of limited incomes, the respect paid by those around her to the possessor of this kind of accomplishment, while the value of other kinds is more or less questioned or denied.

Nothing of all this can be imitated: one cannot retrograde toward simplicity. The future of the domestic life of the American woman seems to me to lie in the application of scientific methods, in the excellent results obtained by their technical schools, and in a certain culture which must include a return to the humble and natural duties by force of will and reason, in default of what comes to us by obedience, willingness and inherited instinct.—From the Outlook

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Wisdom from French Thinkers

ANARCHY is socialism in action.
—J. Bourdeau

GREAT men are medals which God marks with the stamp of their century.
—Edmond et Jules de Goncourt

NOTHING is easier than to dazzle the multitude with bold thoughts that seem new only because they are bold.
—J. F. La Harpe

THE Indian axiom, "Do not strike even with a flower, a woman guilty of a hundred crimes," is my rule of conduct.
—H. de Balzac

WHO can say that science shall not some day retrace the portrait of Alexander on the rock where his shadow rested a moment?
—Berthelot

DO NOT think that the devil tempts only men of genius. He has contempt for fools, but he does not disdain their collaboration.
—Charles Baudelaire

GREAT writers, like great inventors, always find something else than what they are looking for. They are like Columbus, who thought he had found the Indies when he discovered America.—Edouard Rod

Under the Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Tick-Tock Lullaby

By William S. Lord

THERE'S a little tired shoe and a little mussed frock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And there on the floor lies a little limp sock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
They're glad, I am sure, after going all day,
To rest from the labor and pleasure of play,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

How quietly sleep comes—count the clock!
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
Comes in at the door with never a knock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
With no one to greet him, welcomest guest!
He enters and giveth his dear ones rest,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Perhaps he is near us while we rock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And soon will disclose his wonderful stock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
In exchange for thy store of weariness,
His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.—Poems.

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Watching the Midnight Sun

IMAGINE yourself on a ship at anchor looking west or straight in front of you. There is a broad expanse of sea a little to your right hand; behind you is the rugged coast; and to your left the long, narrow fiord between the islands and the mainland that the steamer has just traversed.

You watch the sun as it slowly sets; the islands and the coasts look a rich dark purple, and the shadows cast by the ship's mast, etc., grow longer and longer. When the sun has sunk apparently twelve feet below the horizon, it stops and seems to remain stationary for about twenty minutes; then the sea-gulls hide away, while the air suddenly becomes chilly. Each one has an awed, expectant feeling; around the tourist steamer broods a silence that may be felt.

Now look to the east. The sun rises slowly once again, and the yellow clouds change with his uprising to even greater beauty; first to palest primrose and then to a bluish pink. The sky, which was rose color, becomes gray, then pale emerald green, and lastly blue. Rock after rock stands out, caught by the sun's bright rays, and the reign of day has begun once more.

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The Longest Day of the Year

IT IS quite important, says the Christian Intelligencer, in speaking of the longest day of the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as it will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in different places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length! At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length. At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months. At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours. At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length. At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours; at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen.

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Emerson's Wit and Humor

THERE was little drollery in Emerson's conversation, though it had a sweetness which the testimony of a cloud of witnesses makes it not extravagant to call ineffable. But we get a touch of fun once in a while. A pleasantry recorded of him is a story he told of a friend who carried a horse-chestnut to protect him from rheumatism. "He has never had it since he began to carry it, and, indeed, it appears to have had a retrospective operation, for he never had it before." An English friend tells me that while with Mr. Emerson in his garden discussing some problem of life, Mrs. Emerson called to him for some wood. Emerson went to the wood-pile; when he came back he said, with his wonderful smile, "Now we will return to the real things." When Oliver Wendell Holmes asked him if he had any manual dexterity, he illustrated his want of it by replying that he could split a shingle four ways with one nail. "Which," says Doctor Holmes, "as the intention is not to split it at all in fastening it to the roof, I took to be a confession of inaptitude for mechanical work." In later years he lost his memory of the names of things. Once he wanted his umbrella, but could not recall the word. But he got around the difficulty. "I can't tell it's name, but I can its history. Strangers take it away." His daughter ran in one day to ask who should be invited to join their berry-picking party. "All the children," he said, "from six years to sixty." Equally tender is the humor of this in the essay on Illusions: "When the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horse-chestnuts, I enter into Nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, fearing that at any moment they will find out the imposture. . . . But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick."

This recluse could sit in his garden at Concord or wander along the shores of Walden and see into the penetralia of Vanity Fair quite as keenly as the clubmen of Michigan Avenue or Piccadilly. He was once asked if he approved of Platonic friendship between men and women. "Yes," he said, "but—hands off!" Once when Emerson was in Chicago to lecture to its Fortnightly Club of women, its President said to him: "It is too bad you were not here last week, Mr. Emerson. We were discussing Goethe's Elective Affinities, and would have been so glad to get your views." Emerson bowed with gracious silence. "What would you have said to us about it?" the lady persisted. "Madam," he replied, "I have never felt that I had attained to the purity of mind that qualified me to read that book."—Forum.

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Oysters in Antiquity

RAW oysters were eaten at Athens and Rome as an appetizer. The Romans coated their oysters with honey, and kept them until they were slightly putrid. The simple and clumsy methods of Apicius, the third celebrated gourmand of the name, for preserving oysters, was to wash them in vinegar and pack them in vessels coated with pitch. The oysters thus prepared and sent from Britain to the Emperor Trajan, when in Parthia, were considered "fresh," and have been sufficient to entitle this man's name to be handed down through twenty centuries. If he is to be deemed famous in proportion to the offensiveness of his invention, he should be famous indeed.

Brillat Savarin's appetizer consisted of three or four dozen oysters. Sieur Laperte, whom he used to entertain tête-à-tête at dinner, is said to have complained because he could not have enough oysters. Savarin determined to give him satisfaction, and let him go to his thirty-second dozen; Laperte turned his attention to the dinner with powers unembarrassed by his prelude.

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Flowers without Odor

BY FAR the greater number of flowers have no odor at all. Of the forty-two hundred species of flowers which a certain naturalist examined with a view to ascertaining and registering their odors, he discovered that only ten per cent. give forth any scent, says a writer in Cassell's Journal.

The commonest flowers are the white ones, of which of 1194 kinds examined only one-sixth were fragrant. Of the 951 kinds of yellow flowers, 77 are odorous; of the 823 red kinds, 84; of the 594 blue kinds, 31; of the 308 violet kinds, 13. Of the 240 kinds with combined colors, 28 are fragrant.

The various pleasant or disagreeable odors of plants generally reside in the flowers, though in some their seat is in the leaves or stems. In either case the odor is due to the presence of volatile essential oils of a more or less resinous nature. The number of these is unknown, and their nature is so complex that any slight variation in the temperature or in the amount of light falling on them is sufficient, as has often been experienced in the laboratory, to cause a rearrangement of its component elements, resulting, so far as odor is concerned, in a totally different compound. The reason why each kind of plant has a different scent, is the ease with which one odor can be transformed into another. There can be found a sufficient cause for such transition in the mode of life of each variety of plant and the difference in their chemical constitution. Whatever in any way affects the life and growth of a plant, in the nature of soil or temperature, rapidly shows its effects upon both the flower and its perfume.

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Telephones Predicted 300 Years Ago

IN THE works of Robert Hooke, published in 1664, is the following forecast of the telephone: "And as glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventions to improve our senses of hearing, smelling, tasting and touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already done, and, perhaps, the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible though that furlong should be ten times multiplied. And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick. It has not yet been thoroughly determined how far these discoveries may be developed, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing or conveying sound through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium. I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light, incomparably swifter than that which at the same time was propagated through the air, and this not only in a straight line, but one bended in many angles."

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Destroying Millions of Dollars

THE end of these old bills that have served their purpose so faithfully has a certain amount of pathos, says Harper's Round-Table. If one is fortunate enough to be present when a committee of three officers of the Treasury send them to their destruction, a curious, almost indescribable sensation will creep over one. This destruction takes place in a room in the Treasury building. There is a small table in the centre of the room, and on this the bundled bills are piled in reckless confusion. Through two holes in the floor at the end of the table can be seen the large cylinders or macerators in which the bills are placed. They are about the size of locomotive boilers. A large funnel is inserted in one of the holes, and it connects with one of the macerators. The bills are then untied and thrown into the mouth of this funnel. It is amusing to see one of the committee take a stick when they become jammed and prod them through. When the last one is safely in, a mixture of lime and soda ash is placed in the macerator, a cover is clamped over the ventricle, and each member of the committee fastens it with a separate lock. Steam is then turned on and the cylinders are set in motion. When the bills have been thoroughly macerated the pulp is drawn off and taken to a paper machine, where it is made into sheets of paper and afterward sold. Some one suggested the idea of using part of the pulp to make little fancy images. The idea was adopted, and dainty little knick-knacks made of the pulp can be bought in the stores in Washington. The salesmen often induce the possible purchaser to buy by telling him that the image at one time represented a large sum of money. To pick up one of these images is to give rise to thought, for here embodied is that which was once part of the greatest power in the world.

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How to Split a Sheet of Paper.

FEW persons know that a sheet of paper can be split so as to preserve both sides of the sheet. Sometimes this becomes necessary where there is printed matter on both sides. There are two methods of splitting the paper. One is to lay the sheet of paper on a piece of glass, soak it thoroughly with water, and press it smoothly over the glass.

With a little care the upper half of the sheet can be peeled off, leaving the under half on the glass. Let this dry and it will come off the glass easily; of course, the glass must be perfectly clean.

The second way is a better one, but it requires good practice. Paste a piece of cloth or strong paper on each side of the sheet to be split. When it has thoroughly dried, pull the two pieces of cloth apart suddenly and violently. The paste can then be softened with water, and the two halves of the sheet easily taken off the cloths.

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Why the Tortoise Lives So Long

WALTER ROTHSCHILD, says the Spectator, has procured for England and installed in the Zoölogical Society's collection, the oldest living creature in the world. It is one of the great tortoises of Aldabra, sufficiently remarkable for its size, for it weighs a quarter of a ton, but even more interesting from the record of its age. This gives a known life of 150 years, with the unknown increment of its age previous to its transportation to the Island of Mauritius. It is, we believe, the same tortoise which was mentioned in the treaty between Great Britain and France, when the island was ceded by the former country in 1810, and has, therefore, changed its status four times in a century and a half as a National heir-loom. The structure of the tortoise contributes a large share to the preëminence in length of life. Their bodies are spared the whole of that exhausting process of collapse and expansion which we call breathing. The cruel wear and tear of this incessant motion, involving work of lungs, muscles, ribs and air-passages, unnoticed in health, but one of the most distressing facts revealed by illness, does not fall on the tortoise. His shell, back-piece and heart-plate alike, is as rigid as a piece of concrete. He sucks in air by making a vacuum with his tongue, and swallows it like water, the reservoir, instead of a stomach, being his capacious lungs. In addition to this enormous saving of energy, the tortoise enjoys two other structural advantages. He has no teeth to break, decay, get out of order, and ultimately starve him to death, like those of an old horse or a broken-toothed rabbit. Instead, he has sharp, horny edges to his mouth, which do not break or get out of order. And lastly, there is an impenetrable shell. In reference to this, size is of real advantage; for though small tortoises may live for centuries in Bishops' Gardens, they have their enemies in the outer world.

Adjutant storks swallow them whole and digest them, shell and all, and in California the golden eagle carries them up to a height and lets them fall on the rocks, thereby smashing their shells, as the Sicilian eagle was trying to do when he dropped the tortoise on the skull of Æschylus. But when a tortoise grows to a weight of two hundred pounds, there is no living animal which could injure it in any way. As it can swim, it cannot drown; its limbs are so constructed as to be little liable to fracture, and its interior so arranged that it can fast for long periods, and it has an internal reservoir of water, though it is rather a thirsty animal.

The tortoise's habits conform to the limitations set by its form. It "leads the life of tranquillity on the carpet of prudence," and neither "wears out" nor "rusts out."

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The Origin of Handshaking

IN EARLY and barbarous times, says the Christian Guardian, when savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintances, chanced to meet, they offered to each other the right hand alike of offense and defense, the hand which wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, and other weapons of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he is a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with him.

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Things Eaten from the Fingers

THE list of things that can be eaten from the fingers is on the increase. It includes all bread, toast, tarts, and small cakes, celery, and asparagus, when served whole, as it should be, either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumbled in the fingers and dipped in salt or sauce; olives, to which a fork should never be put any more than a knife should be used on raw oysters; strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they should be, are touched to pulverized sugar; cheese in all forms, except Brie or Roquefort or Cammerbert; and fruit of all kinds, except preserves and melons. But in the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you cannot, if you are well-bred, make any very bad mistake in this direction, especially when the finger-bowl stands by you and the napkin is handy.

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When Gloves were First Used

GLOVES date back to a very remote period, the ancients not being strangers to their use, and by the eleventh century they were universally worn. In a tomb in Egypt a pair of striped linen mittens were found that had been worn by a lady. Xenophon alludes to the Persians wearing gloves, and gives it as a proof of their effeminacy; and Homer describes Laertes wearing gloves while at work in his garden.

The Romans were severely upbraided by the philosophers for wearing gloves; but these reproaches had no effect in diminishing their use—they were too convenient and comfortable to be lashed out of being by the tongue of philosophy. They do not appear to have been worn in England until the beginning of the eleventh century, and were of German manufacture. In the course of time, a great deal of ornamentation was used on the gloves in England.

The effigies of Henry II and Richard I had gloves adorned with precious stones, and real gloves ornamented with jewels were found upon the hands of King John and Edward I when their tombs were opened during the last century. Gloves were even ornamented with crests and armorial bearings.

The ecclesiastical were always richly adorned. They were made of silk or linen, embroidered and jeweled. A pair preserved at New College, Oxford, are of red silk, with the sacred monogram surrounded by a glory, and embroidered in gold on the backs. Pope Boniface VIII had gloves of white silk embroidered very beautifully and studded with pearls. About the year 1600 leather gloves appeared. They were embroidered, adorned with pearls and gems, and trimmed with lace. Perfumed gloves, too, made their appearance and were very popular with the ladies. We are told that Queen Mary Tudor had a pair of "swete gloves" sent to her by a Mrs. Whellers. The college tenants of Oxford had perfumed gloves presented to them as well as to distinguished guests.

Monte Carlo as it is To-day

WITHIN THE FAIRYLAND OF MONACO

By William Drysdale

IT IS all very well to determine to visit Monte Carlo in the quietest possible way; to find quarters in one of the unassuming hotels, if there are any, and to stand on the outskirts of the lively crowd, absorbing pleasure and information without taking part in any of the gayeties or extravagances. But unless you are an anchorite, or a very impecunious person, such good resolutions are likely to be broken. Everything there is arranged with a view to breaking them. I do not mean in regard to the gambling, for there, as in every other gambling house, a visitor can play or not as he chooses, but in regard to the life and extravagance of the place. They do not push you into it by force, but coax you in with inducements almost irresistible.

"What is the use," you soon begin to argue with yourself, "of being in fairyland if you cannot for the moment be one of the fairies and enjoy yourself?"

At the very threshold you learn that you are no longer in thrifty Provence, but in giddy Monaco. The young Englishman, who came over with me in the train from Nice, made this discovery for me without any exertion on my part. All Englishmen do not bear the name of Jack, I suppose, but this is the second English Jack I have traveled with on the Continent, and to distinguish him from the Jack in Belgium I have named him Jacobus Secundus. Jacobus Secundus is a nephew of one of the British lions of literature whose latest novel you read last summer, with more or less pleasure, and it was arranged long ago that we were to meet in Nice in the month of January.

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The scene was as new to him as to me, which was a wonder, for most young Britons of his kind look upon a winter visit to Nice as one of the necessities of life. We had thoroughly enjoyed the short rail ride of ten miles or so from Nice, and indeed he must be a blind man who fails to enjoy it, for it is one of the choice spots of the world, with the rocky shore of the sea on one side and the bold and often white-capped mountains on the other (white rock, not snow), and the pretty little towns sprinkled in, of which Villefranche is perhaps the prettiest and liveliest, and the wonderful showing of overdressed young women of all European nationalities traveling alone, although not from choice.

We had stepped out upon the Monte Carlo platform when my companion discovered that he was in pressing need of a cigar. A moment's investigation showed us that an elevator runs from the station platform to the higher level of the Casino for the greater convenience of visitors who are in a hurry to reach the roulette tables, and that the room from which the elevator starts is also a cigar shop. In response to the Briton's demand for a cigar, the attendant took three boxes from the show-case. "Two francs," he announced, touching the first box; "three francs," pushing forward the second box, "and four francs," with a nod toward the third box.

It was as thrilling as an electric shock after a winter's acquaintance with the cheap Government cigars of Marseilles and Nice, where three-cent cigars are the usual diet, and only Princes and Grand Dukes soar to the dizzy height of a half-franc smoke. Forty, sixty, eighty cents each! I was afraid that my companion would show some signs of surprise; but he was quite equal to the occasion, and his British dignity and British drawl came instantly to his aid.

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"Aw, I didn't ask for a cheap cigar, you know," he exclaimed, pushing the boxes aside. "We want something good. Give me a couple of the Prince de Galles, at six francs, if you keep them."

That may not have been exactly the name, but it was some brand that he invented on the spot, and, of course, there was no such article in the place; so he was forced to content himself, after much grumbling, with two of the eighty-cent cigars, in payment for which he threw down a ten-franc piece with an injunction to "Never mind the change." Behold how glorious are the rosy days of youth, when we humble the proud cigar seller by carelessly throwing away two beautiful yellow dollars!

Then, going through the station to the street, on the opposite side of which is the high stone wall which surrounds the base of the Casino hill, we came at once upon one of the most picturesque scenes of Southern Europe. At a rough guess there may be twenty-five hotels in Monte Carlo, and, though the farthest of them is only a few steps from the station, each one sends a coach to meet the trains. And no ordinary coach, but a chariot of many colors and great size, with prancing horses bedecked in all the horse millinery of colored leathers and gold and silver ornament that the European harness-maker can invent, and a driver more gorgeous than a Knight of the Round Table in his finest Court costume.

The sight of twenty-five hotel coaches waiting patiently to divide six or eight passengers among them is generally more or less depressing; but these Monte Carlo coaches, and their horses and drivers, are too gorgeous to be depressing under any circumstances. A spring parade of the Coaching Club is funereal compared with them.

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Standing out head-and-shoulders above the rest was the great shining chariot of the Hotel de Paris, with four glossy horses instead of two—horses so covered with gold plate that only here and there patches of the hair could be seen, and a driver beside whom all other drivers must hide their heads in humility. White glazed hat with broad gold band, short scarlet jacket studded with gold buttons, and many silk and gold decorations on the breast, dark green knickerbockers with rows of small gilt buttons down the outer seams, high boot-legs of white leather—by far the most gorgeous driver I have ever seen anywhere. The mere strut of him down the platform is worth ten francs a day extra.

"I think it was the Hotel de Paris we decided upon," said Jacobus Secundus, after a patronizing stare at the turnouts.

It was nothing of the kind, for we knew the Hotel de Paris to be the hotel of the Casino Company, by many degrees the largest and finest and most expensive in the place. But it seemed to be necessary to live up to our eighty-cent cigars, and there was something very fascinating about the four horses, the gilded chariot, and the sparkling driver. So in another moment we were seated inside, the horn was blowing, and the horses were running up the hill like mad.

The road circles around the hill upon which the Casino and the hotel and many more handsome buildings stand, and at a running pace it is a drive of from two to three minutes from the station to the hotel, which is within fifty feet of the Casino and faces it. Much too short for a drive of such elegance, but its quick termination was partly compensated for by another great blast of the horn and a rush of twenty flunkeys in bright liveries to seize upon our baggage. There was no room to doubt that their Royal Highnesses had arrived; but twenty flunkeys to be feed on leaving, besides as many more upstairs! I wonder whether the Maharajah of Swat, on being received at Windsor Castle, does not turn pale when he sees how many servants he must divide his rupees among.

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A Prince of the blood in red and gold clothes took us upstairs in a real elevator and installed us in handsome rooms overlooking the sea, and I was making some remarks to the maid who appeared about *de l'eau chaud*, which is not a fancy foreign refreshment, but merely hot water for cleansing purposes, with my back to the door, when I heard an angel's voice saying:

"Reckon I better look aftah dis 'Merican gemman."

It was not necessary to look up; the voice was enough; I knew just what kind of a sunburnt angel had arrived, and felt all the present cares of travel and hoteldom dropping away like hailstones from a steep roof. To the winds with *de l'eau chaud, savon, encore du bois pour le feu*, and all French nonsense.

"Bring a jug of hot water, George."

To know just what your real feelings are toward the colored friend and brother you must meet him unexpectedly in this way in a foreign hotel, after months of struggling with the Dutch boy in Holland, the Belgian boy in Brussels, the German boy on the Rhine, the French boy in Paris, and the native Provençal in Marseilles. Not that I have a word to say against any of these, for they are all as obliging and attentive as possible, but Sambo is more; he is the friend in need to whom may be confided all the little cares and worries of travel; an old friend, as much to-day, when seen for the first time, as if you had brought him up from the cradle.

"George, where did you come from?"

"From Kaintucky, sah," he replied. "Been dis side de watah 'bout fo' yeahs, sah."

Subsequent inquiries bring out the facts that, being one of that favored class of mortals, a hotel waiter, he has come to Europe "to see de worl', sah"; that he has lived for three years or more in Paris, where he has learned to speak French fluently; that he came to Nice a few months ago to learn the language of Italy, but finding little of it there, and that little badly mixed with French and Provençal, he came on to Monte Carlo. But here, too, the Italian is bad, so in a few weeks he is going to Milan. George is a tall, dignified "gemman" of fine appearance; and what a tremendous figure he will cut in the best colored society of old Kaintuck when he goes back!

After a few minutes, having gone through the brushing and cleaning processes, that no valet in the world can do as well as Sambo when he chooses, George came in with the official hotel register in his hand for me to sign. Every visitor to Monte Carlo is here on the sufferance of His Mighty Highness the Princelet, and may at any time receive a gentle hint to resume his journey. If he does not resume rapidly enough to suit them, the army or the Police Department, or some other strong force, turns out and assists him bag and baggage over the border, with a warning not to return. I have heard, from a number of sources, that any stranger who remains here longer than two weeks without patronizing the gaming-tables receives an intimation that he must either play or go; I have not been able to verify this story.

To be thoroughly informed about the personality and movements of every visitor, the Government supplies the hotel registers, which are examined daily by the police, and any landlord who allows a guest to remain even for a night in his house without filling up the blanks, makes himself liable to a heavy fine. The blanks include such questions as name, residence, occupation, last halting place, intended duration of stay in Monaco, and intended destination.

When George appeared I knew what he wanted. Perhaps I should explain that here, as in most European hotels, it is not necessary for a guest to go near the office unless he chooses to. The register is brought to his room, the bills, the meals if he likes, and the landlord, too, if he is rung for.

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"All right, George," I told him, "don't bother me with the thing. You register me under any name and occupation you think would be suitable."

He went to the mantelpiece with the book and a lead pencil, and his expression showed that he was going through a severe mental struggle. When it was over he brought me the book to see "wheder dat'll do, sah?"

In his anxiety to make his countryman appear as grand as possible he had rather turned the tables upon me, for he had registered me as "Hon. G. W. Ingram, residence Washington, present occupation United States Senator, last stopping place Paris, intended stay in Monaco two weeks, intended destination Cairo, Egypt." Fine as it looked, such false pretenses might lead to awkward complications, and it was necessary to find some way to back out gracefully.

"Has my friend registered yet?" I asked.

"No, sah," said George. "I'se jest goin' to his room now, sah."

"Very well, then," I told him, "you need not trouble him. This description you have written will answer for him very nicely, and I will put my own name and pedigree beneath it," which I did, and the rosy young Englishman received the greatest honor of his life by being made for the moment an American and a Senator.

About nine o'clock that evening Jacobus Secundus and I set out to meet in the café a mutual friend with whom we had an appointment, and who, having spent many winters on the Riviera, was to give us a great deal of information of which we were in need. The café is not part of the hotel, but a separate building, very large and handsome, capable of accommodating, I should think, more than a thousand persons at the tables, who can hardly order anything to drink or smoke from any part of the world that is not brought to them on the instant.

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The café is a part of the Casino plant, if I may give it that name. The Casino is the heart of Monte Carlo, standing on a hill which towers over the station and the sea, in the midst of such a fairyland of flowers and tropical plants as you may dream of sometimes, but seldom see. In front of the Casino building is a large open square called the Place du Casino, which extends in the centre into a long, narrow park, reaching up to the Mentone road, full of flowers, and lined with two rows of the noblest palms to be found out of the West Indies. On one side of this square is the Hotel de Paris. Every one of these places is as beautiful and luxurious as unlimited money, exquisite taste, and the best architects and artists can make them; inch-thick carpets to walk upon, servants to anticipate and supply every want, valleys and mountains of costly flowers, music on every hand, fountains splashing, electric lights blazing.

Some may say that I am throwing a dangerous glamour over this king of gambling hells. I am trying to describe the place as I saw it, and I think that every one who has seen it will bear me out in saying that it is the most beautiful spot in the world. I have never seen and cannot imagine a handsomer place than this shameful little Kingdom of Monaco, which, with all its beauty, is a blot on the face of the earth.

Even the hotel servants look with pity upon the titled fools here to be shorn of their golden fleece; a subject of the kingdom is not allowed even to enter the gambling rooms, because it would not do for His Mightiness the Prince to ruin his own subjects. There are more things to study here than fine buildings and fine views; but for mere beauty, for a place that in outward appearance could give points to the Garden of Eden, you will need to travel no further than Monte Carlo.—New York Times.

The Power of Gentleness

By Rev. Richard C. Woodbridge

THERE is little in the popular idea of gentleness to make it desirable for God or man. We think of it as lacking in vigor and a long way from greatness. So suggestive is it of weakness that we want little to do with it.

Our ideas of gentleness need correcting. We speak often of a gentle horse. What do we mean by it? That horse is gentle that is nervy and full of mettle, able to pass anything on the road, and yet so easily subdued that the voice of a little child would bring him to a standstill at once. That man is gentle who has the strength of a Hercules and the tenderness of a woman. Gentleness is power spending itself in goodness.

A good illustration of gentleness was that on a Spanish battlefield. A gallant French soldier's sword was uplifted to strike his foe to the earth, but he saw as the sword was about to descend that his antagonist had but one arm. Instantly he stayed his sword, brought it to a salute and rode on.

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Gentleness in a woman is love's mighty magnet, and will attract its own from the ends of the earth. A woman without it is a monstrosity, a warrior with it is greater far than he who shows his power by burning villages, destroying crops, executing prisoners. The great General at Appomattox, considering the interests of the men in gray, in treating them as his fellow-countrymen, silencing the salute already under way to celebrate victory lest they should be further humiliated, and sending the defeated ones home well fed and equipped for labor on the farms, declared himself a gentle man as well as a great soldier, and did more in that hour to make his country great than other great men have done in a lifetime.

We speak often of the power of God, but it is the gentleness of God that works the greatest wonders. It is this that makes men great. See the gentleness of God at the beginning. It is not the strong arm, but the tender heart, that concerns itself with fallen man. It is not a King's voice that we hear in Eden, but a fond father's pathetic cry of, "Adam, Adam, where art thou?" When God came down in human flesh to save a lost world He came in the same spirit. A still and quiet night it was when the Saviour was born. The stars looked down peacefully upon the shepherds as they watched their sheep. It was into this stillness that God's angels came and God's glory shone around. Gentle words those were the angel spoke: "Be not afraid." So sweet and gentle was the music of the angelic host that no one save the good shepherds heard it.

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The spirit of the Gospel is the same. It is summed up in the words: "A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench." It is by gentleness that God seeks to win the world to righteousness and truth. "The Lord God is a sun." Sooner or later cold and icy hearts must give way before Him. We need more gentleness before the earth can become like Heaven—gentleness on the part of parents. You can shout at your children and bring them into trembling submission; you can thrash them into obedience; you can starve them into submission. The strong can bring the weak to terms for a while by any of these methods. But if you want to show your child the sweet reasonableness of your position and to make him docile, obedient, trustful, sit down and talk gently with him.

We need more gentleness on the part of teachers. It is by appealing to the best in a boy that the best is developed. Humiliate a boy, degrade him, ridicule him and you have not subdued him. Beam upon him gently and lovingly, apart and alone, and he will be your friend forever.

We need more gentleness on the part of preachers. "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle toward all men." The Great Preacher was so gentle that Simon the Pharisee asked him to dine with him; the despised one lingered near His feet caressingly; Zaccheus and Matthew, the publicans, became His loyal disciples, and even a thief, in the agony of crucifixion, cried, "Lord, remember me!" The world needs nothing more than it needs gentleness and love. Human hearts are hungry for the music of gentle voices and the touch of tenderness. Why should we not all try to show that we are the sons and daughters of the gentle God?

Rough, rude boys have been made great for time and eternity by the sweetness of mothers and sisters. Dull, willful, petulant scholars have been made thoughtful and earnest by the tender, patient love of self-denying teachers. Souls small, mean, selfish, sinful, have been made great by the gentle, faithful labors of those not willing that any should perish.

The night of life is coming on apace. It will be sweet to have the gates swing inward at our approach to the City Eternal, and to be welcomed by some one watching for our home-coming, and to hear from joyful lips such words as these: "Thy gentleness hath made me great."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This sermon received a thousand-dollar prize for the best contribution of pulpit eloquence in a recent contest in the New York Herald.

Dining with the President

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE WHITE HOUSE

By Smith D. Fry

THERE will be no more diplomatic dinners at the White House during this season. The social customs of nations, says a writer in The Evening Lamp, are amusing and ridiculous to men who do not believe in any sort of intemperance.

During the next eight or nine months, the President of the United States will probably be able to maintain friendly relations with the diplomatic representatives of foreign nations in Washington without giving them meat and drink. During each winter season, however, it is expected that the President shall give a series of formal evening dinners, where food of the most costly kind in great abundance is served.

The diplomatic dinners at the White House have made trouble on more than one occasion. A familiar instance was that of the British Minister Merry, who strongly remonstrated because some other lady was taken in to the table by Thomas Jefferson before Mrs. Merry. During the Garfield administration, Mrs. Blaine actually left the President's board in anger because she had not been assigned the place to which she considered herself entitled. The plan adopted of making the order of precedence, among the diplomats, depend simply on length of service is an admirable solution of the problem on the whole.

The various ambassadors and ministers located in Washington give dinners to both the Secretary of State and the Assistant Secretary. They also entertain our Senators and Representatives in a similar manner. The President gives receptions and dinners to the members of the Supreme Court and to the Senators and Representatives during the entire ante-Lenten season.

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At the diplomatic dinner at the White House the British Ambassador is given the seat of honor because he is regarded as the dean of the diplomatic corps, on account of his seniority of rank by continuous service at this capital. The President offers his arm to the wife of the British Ambassador and leads the way to the dining-room, followed by the diplomats and the ladies of their families. The President stands beside his seat, in the middle of one side of the long table, and remains standing until all of the ladies and gentlemen have found their way to their respective places. All then take their seats and the banquet begins.

When the guests arrive at the White House they are escorted upstairs, the gentlemen going to the library, and the ladies to one of the larger bedrooms in order to remove their wraps. Presently they go down to the large East room, where the President and his wife are waiting to receive them. Promptly at eight o'clock the steward of the White House opens the door of the State dining-room, and bows to the President, who thereupon leads the procession to the dining-table.

Before going downstairs to dinner each one of the gentlemen finds on a table in the library an envelope addressed to himself, unsealed, with the American eagle stamped in gold on the envelope. Within the envelope each gentleman discovers a card with beveled and gilded edges, bearing the name of the lady whom he is to take in to dinner. On the back of the card is a diagram of the table with the seats numbered. Two numbers are struck out with a pen, thus indicating to the gentleman receiving the card where he and his partner for the evening are to sit at the table. Thus it is practically impossible for any error to be made in seating the guests at these big banquets

The President's last reception had to be indefinitely postponed because of the sinking of the battleship Maine, whereby so many of our sailors lost their lives. That dreadful catastrophe shocked the civilized world, and caused thrills of horror in the nation's capital. There was such a spontaneous burst of sentiment that even society quailed before it, and all social affairs were brought to a sudden termination. Thus it happened that the social rounds were stopped at the White House; and now that Lent is here the festivities will not be again resumed during the rest of the present season.

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It is not generally known that it is the duty of the President to accept an invitation to dine with an ambassador, but that it is beneath his dignity to dine with a minister plenipotentiary. Ambassadors are the incarnation of their Sovereigns. The British Ambassador represents Queen Victoria, and for that reason he may personally call upon the President on official business at the White House. But the minister from Turkey or from China cannot call thus upon the President. On the contrary, the ministers must transact all of their diplomatic business with our Department of State. The ambassadors outrank all other diplomats.

In like manner, Ambassador Hay may have audience with Queen Victoria, instead of depending upon the British Foreign Office for consideration. Mr. Hay, as our ambassador to Great Britain, represents the President of this Republic. But when Mr. Bayard was our minister, before the ambassadorship was created, he could not have audience with the Queen; but as soon as he had been promoted to be an ambassador he became a greater personage.

It may be well to remember that all of our ambassadors to foreign countries are men of superior ability and sagacity. The same may be said of the ambassadors who are sent by foreign countries to this capital. In all emergencies an ambassador must represent the head of his nation. Therefore it is necessary that each ambassador should possess intellectual ability and educational acquirements, which are, practically, equal to those of the Sovereign or President at the head of his Government.

A case in point concerning ministers occurred recently. The Spanish Minister to this country, Senor de Lome, committed a grave breach of courtesy. He was invited to the Department of State to make an explanation or an apology. He did not respond, but left this country without delay. He could not have gone to see our President about the matter, because only an ambassador has that privilege, while a minister has not. Consequently, without making any explanation or apology for his conduct, he hastily packed his household effects and left our National capital. While here he had always been honored with the respect of the Administration. He acted as one who sought the friendship of this country and who appreciated the leniency of our nation. At the same time he accepted our courtesies he was writing insolent allusions to our President in his official communications, and in personal letters to friends in Spain.

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But to return to the White House dinners. They are paid for out of the contingent fund which Congress supplies. When State dinners are given, the President and his guests sit at table about two and a half hours. Trained waiters slowly change the dishes and rapidly fill the glasses. There is a waiter for every one present, and constant attention is paid by these sable servitors. There are no toasts, for the State dinners are not banquets. But they talk on all sorts of topics, just as your neighbors will talk informally when you have them to dinner in your home. These State dinners are gorgeous affairs. The table service of the White House would do real credit to any Monarch. Between the President and his wife, in the centre of the table, is a great golden vase filled with the rarest of flowers. Candelabra of gold and silver make radiant the brilliantly gilded and decorated room. There are scores of wax candles, and hundreds of little electric lights, half hidden with foliage. The forks, knives, and spoons, are pure gold and pure silver. The chinaware is of the most costly character, and all of it is hand painted.

Whether our Presidents enjoy this sort of thing, or not, is a question which cannot be determined. If any President does not enjoy such social functions it would be in exceedingly bad taste for him to say so. Afterward his guests would feel indifferent, and some of them might even decline invitations. Ex-Presidents are also reticent. It is well.

In the early days of our Republic the White House entertainments were very simple, but they have increased in brilliancy and costliness as the nation has increased in population and in wealth. Whether these State dinners are right or wrong, since it seems to be necessary to keep up the custom, we may at least take pride in the fact that our President entertains with as much magnificence as a King or Emperor. And we can be proud of our country in every way.

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Wit of the Children

Vicarious Mathematics.—I do think it is so natural that little children should expect their small supplications to be answered literally. I can so sympathize with the little boy over his sums, who said to his governess in a puzzled, half-indignant voice: "I can't do my sum. I can't; and I did ask God to help me; and He's made three real bad mistakes already!"—Boston Herald.

A Blessing with a Rebate.—Susie had been a very naughty little girl, and her aunt had had to punish her very severely. When she came to say her prayers at night her little mind was still full of wrath against her aunt, but yet the child did not quite like to leave her name out of her evening devotions, so she compromised matters by saying, in a half-hearted sort of way: "Pray, God! bless father and mother," etc.; then, after a pause, she added: "and bless Aunt Julia, too—but not very much."—The Bee.

Taking No Risks.—The teacher had notified Hiram Plunkett he would be expected to remain after school was dismissed as a punishment for misconduct. Hiram was one of the big boys, and there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he came awkwardly up to her desk and said in a low tone: "Miss Jones, I wish you would keep Mamie McGinnis in, too. She done just as much whisperin' as I did. I saw her do it." "Why do you wish to have Mamie McGinnis kept in?" asked the teacher. "I dont' want her to git jealous agin," said Hiram, scratching the floor with the toe of his shoe. "Th' other time you kept me in she wouldn't speak to me fur a week."—Chicago Tribune.

The Conquest of Circumstances

HOW GREAT MEN VANQUISHED OBSTACLES

SCHILLER was sent to study surgery in the military school at Stuttgart, but in secret he produced his first play, The Robbers, whose first performance he had to witness in disguise. The irksomeness of his prison-like school so galled him, and his longing for authorship so allured him, that he ventured, penniless, into the inhospitable world of letters. A kind lady aided him, and soon he produced the two dramas which made him immortal.

Daniel Defoe had been a trader, a soldier, a merchant, a secretary, a factory manager, a commissioner's accountant, an envoy, and an author of indifferent books, before he wrote his masterpiece, Robinson Crusoe.

A. T. Stewart studied for the ministry, and became a teacher, before he drifted into his proper calling as a merchant through the accident of having lent money to a friend. The latter, with failure imminent, insisted that his creditor should take the shop as the only means of securing the money.

Erskine spent four years in the navy, and then, in the hope of more rapid promotion, joined the army. After serving more than two years, he was one day attending a court, out of curiosity, in the town where his regiment was quartered. The presiding Judge, an acquaintance, invited Erskine to sit near him, and said that the pleaders at the bar were among the most prominent lawyers of Great Britain. Erskine took their measure as they spoke, and believed he could excel them. He at once began the study of law, in which he soon stood alone as the great forensic orator of his country.

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"Jonathan," said Mr. Chace, when his son told of having nearly fitted himself for college, "thou shalt go down to the machine shop on Monday morning." It was many years before Jonathan escaped from the shop, to work his way up to the position of a man of great influence as a United States Senator from Rhode Island.

Hugh Miller's parents dedicated their son to the ministry, the Scotch poor being always anxious to have at least one son "wag his maw in the poolpit." An uncle offered to pay his way in college, but a voice within spoke louder than his parents or uncle. The stone-quarry was his college, and he preferred to hammer his education from the old red sandstone.

Galileo was set apart for a physician, but when compelled to study anatomy and physiology he would hide his Euclid and Archimedes, and stealthily work out the abstruse problems. He was but eighteen when he discovered the principle of the pendulum in the lamp left swinging in the cathedral at Pisa. He invented both the microscope and telescope, enlarging knowledge of the vast and minute alike.

Paschal's father determined that his son should teach the dead languages, but the voice of mathematics drowned every other call, haunting the boy until he laid aside his guitar for Euclid.

The father of Joshua Reynolds rebuked his son for drawing pictures, and wrote on one: "Done by Joshua out of pure idleness." Yet this "idle boy" became one of the founders of the Royal Academy.

Claude Lorraine, the painter, was apprenticed to a pastry cook; Moliere, the author, to an upholsterer; and Guido, the famous painter of Aurora, was sent to a music school. The Quakers called a meeting to decide what should be done with Benjamin West, as painting was not in accord with their belief. One Friend at length arose and said: "God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art; shall we question His wisdom?" The women kissed the lad, and the men, laying their hands upon his head, consecrated him to the career of an artist.—Pushing to the Front.

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James Smeaton's father intended his son for a lawyer, but Nature had marked her bias for engineering, upon every fibre of his being, too deep to be erased by his parents. He was found one day in petticoats on the top of his father's barn fixing the model of a windmill which he had made.

It has been well said that if God should commission two angels, one to sweep a street crossing and the other to rule an Empire, they could not be induced to exchange callings. Not less true is it that he who feels that God has given him a particular work to do can be happy only when engaged in its performance. Happy the youth who finds the place which his dreams have pictured. If he does not fill that place, he will not fill any to the satisfaction of himself or others. A parent might just as well decide that the magnetic needle will point to Venus or Jupiter without trying it, as to decide what profession his son shall adopt.

In a fable in Judges the fig tree, among others, was invited to become king of the forest. After the olive tree had refused to give up its fatness, which "pleased God and man," to reign over the trees, the fig tree replied, "Why should I forsake my sweetness and good fruit and go to be promoted over the trees?"

What a rebuke in this beautiful fable to the thousands of people who forsake the sweetness and richness of their nature to do something for which they are unfitted!

As king over the stalwart oak and lofty pine, the fig tree would have been a dead failure, and as much out of place as some of our politicians are in Congress; but for bearing figs the oak and pine are its inferiors. Bearing figs is the grandest thing in the world for a fig tree. It shines in its own sphere; but, stripped of its fig-bearing power, it has no excuse for existence. Sometimes a mother, who reigns a majestic queen in her own household, forsakes her quiet sweetness of home rule for a noisy, rough, public career, for which she has not the slightest real taste or qualification.

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The perusal of a book, the execution of a model, or the superintendency of a water wheel of his own construction, whirling the glittering spray from some neighboring stream, absorbed all of Isaac Newton's thoughts when a boy, while the sheep were going astray and the cattle were devouring or treading down the neighbors' corn. This convinced his mother that her son was not made for a farmer, as she had hoped.

How stupid and clumsy is the blinking eagle at perch, but how keen his glance, how steady and true his curves, when turning his powerful wing against the clear blue sky!

Ignorant parents compelled the boy Arkwright to become a barber's apprentice, but nature had locked up in his brain a cunning device destined to bless humanity and do the drudgery of millions of England's poor. So he must needs say "Hands off!" even to his parents, as Christ said to His mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Turner was intended for a barber in Maiden Lane, but became the greatest landscape painter of modern times.

The parents of Michael Angelo had declared that no son of theirs should ever follow the discreditable profession of an artist, and even punished him for covering the walls and furniture with sketches. The fire burning in his breast was kindled by the Divine Artist, and would not let him rest until he had immortalized himself in the architecture of St. Peter's, in the marble of his Moses, and on the walls of the Sistine Chapel.—North West Trade.

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Outwitting Organ-Grinders

ONE day, when Mery, the French novelist, was visiting Jules Sandeau, an organ-grinder halted in front of the academician's house and began to play, says Harrison's Magazine. Sandeau, with a gesture of irritation, rose from his seat, took a half-franc and flung it at the tormentor.

"Be quiet and go away!"

"What!" said Mery; "you encourage that detestable kind of thing? That man will now return every day; and not only so—he'll pass the word to his comrades."

"What am I to do?" asked Sandeau.

"The street I live in," replied Mery, "is one of those most infested by organ-grinders. I had only just moved into my apartment and opened my window for the first time when one of them planted himself on the pavement opposite. He ground out the Miserere from Il Trovatore. I manifested a lively satisfaction. After the Miserere he obliged me with a valse. I seated myself on the balcony.

"I clapped my hands enthusiastically.

"Then he passed to the air of a sentimental song. I called my servant to come and listen to it.

"'Encore!' I cried.

"My servant, too, applauded.

"He played the tune over again, then politely took off his cap and held it toward me, whereupon I banged to the window, and from the curtain witnessed what would have been touching to anybody else.

"With an air of desperate bewilderment the man gazed up at my window, then hitched his organ to his back and staggered away, after carefully noting the number.

"I went through the same pantomime with five or six of the colleagues of my first musician, and the cure was complete.

"From that time forth, never—no, never—has an organ-grinder stopped in front of my window. Better than that, even; for yesterday morning, as I was quietly taking the air, I saw a man in velveteen trousers and with an organ on his back approaching.

"I kept my head down as he passed, as if to avoid him, but he had seen me and recognized me as his impecunious admirer.

"He raised his eyes to mine and quickened his pace, after lifting his thumb to the end of his nose, as much as to say:

"'You'd like me to play you a tune, wouldn't you? But you've fooled me once—you'll not do it again if I know it!'"

Tiger Tales of the Jungle

TOLD BY A MAN WHO FORGOT TO BE TRUTHFUL

By A. Sarathkumar Ghosh

WE HAVE all heard of snake stories, fish stories, dog stories, even parrot stories; but I am not aware that any writer of unimpeachable veracity has ever related to the public real, honest, truthful tiger stories. Now, I am generally admitted by my friends never to have initiated, circulated, nor otherwise propagated a falsehood since I got out of long clothes; as to what happened before that interesting episode in my life, they are, of course, unprepared to take their affidavit on the matter. At any rate, they maintain that I have never told a lie to their certain knowledge and belief—that, like George Washington, I could not tell one if I tried.

Not only, however, am I a truthful man, but—if the old saying be correct about judging of a person's character by the company he keeps—my informants are all of the same standard of rectitude. I am insisting on this fact because my tiger stories are not sensational, nor marvelous, nor blood-curdling (historical events seldom are); but they are unmistakably, hopelessly, incurably veracious—in fact, they bear the impress of probability on every feature. The mere fact that whereas the aforesaid snake stories, fish stories, dog stories, and parrot stories are generally manufactured in America (I mean appertain to events which occurred there), my real tiger stories hail from India, on the other side of the terrestrial globe—this mere fact ought to remove from them the faintest suspicion of exaggeration. Nay, so struck was I with the importance of these events when I came to know them, either directly or through my truthful and intelligent informants, that I thought of inducing the writers of Indian history—but that is another story, as my friend, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, says. To return to our tigers.

I knew an old shikari who had fought many a battle with the Royal Bengal tiger, and had had many a hairbreadth escape from the latter's jaws. When too old to carry on his campaigns, he delighted in telling an admiring audience in his native village all the adventures of his life; then, when he waxed warm over the heroic theme, he, like an old warrior, would shoulder his crutch (metaphorically, of course) and fight anew the battles of his youth. But among these the following is most noteworthy:

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One fine afternoon, having nothing better to do, he went out fishing with half a dozen of his friends—this is not going to be a fish story, but a real, live tiger story, the fishy part coming in only incidentally. They chose a small river some couple of hundred yards in width. One bank of the river was flat and open, but the other was somewhat undulating and shrubby—in fact, it was adjacent to a jungle. The fishers sat in a row about ten paces apart on the former bank; each had a loaded gun by his side as a precaution against unwelcome intruders. Now, our friends who happened to be situated at one extremity of the row of fishers, had been negotiating very little business for some time, when, feeling tired of holding his rod, he very naturally laid it down by his side for a moment to have a pull at his hookah as a consolation for his ill luck. While engaged in this operation he heard a swish, and, turning round, beheld his rod scudding along the surface of the water like a racing yacht. Evidently it was a forty-pounder that had got hold of the other end of the line! Such a catch was worth a little exertion, so he plunged into the water and struck out for the rod. He came up with it almost at the other side of the river, but at that instant a terrific roar was heard, a tiger leaped on the swimmer from the neighboring bush, and was off with him before his startled companions could raise even a finger in his behalf.

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The shikari was a little stunned by the tiger's onslaught; he recovered consciousness, however, in a few minutes, when he found himself lying on the tiger's back and in full sail toward the heart of the jungle. Fortunately, he was not seriously hurt, as the tiger had gripped him by the arm just above the elbow. There he lay quite helpless; what was he to do? Any movement on his part might have made his condition far worse; so he lay perfectly quiet and shut his eyes as if he were dead. Perhaps he meditated on the happy home he had left behind—what his wife and children would feel when his comrades broke the news. Soon, however, the tiger arrived at his den, which was no more than a hollow scooped in the sand at the foot of a large tree. There the tiger deposited him and covered him over loosely with some sand. Luckily for him his face was uppermost when he fell, otherwise he would have had no other alternative between death by suffocation and death from the tiger if he had dared to move. As it was, he could manage to breathe gently, and even to have an occasional glimpse under his eyelids. After this operation of partial burial, the tiger ran ahead a few yards, but returned instantly as if he had some misgivings in his mind.

He then kept up this method of self-persuasion for a few times, till, feeling quite certain about the matter, he finally went away on his mission. After waiting a few minutes to see that the tiger had really gone, our shikari sprang up and climbed the tree just over the den and hid himself well among the leaves. He had not long to wait for the dénouement, for the tiger soon returned, accompanied by a tigress and a couple of cubs (like a generous and exemplary husband and father, the tiger evidently scorned to eat on the sly). They came along with many a joyful cat-like gambol in anticipation of the great feast, and found the den—empty! Such a lamentation over the lost dinner then arose as was never heard before in the whole animal kingdom; in fact, the tigers persisted so long in their piteous cries that our shikari began to have some doubts as to the righteousness of defrauding the poor creatures of their hard-earned wages; but he was prevented from offering himself to them in a moment of misguided magnanimity by the thought of his own wife and children, whose claim upon him was obviously higher. At any rate, he stuck in the tree all night, as it was too risky to venture out in the ensuing darkness; then, next morning, when the coast was clear, he fled home to tell me these undoubted facts.

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My next story is also a good one; all my stories are. In fact, each is better than all the others. It is not simply a tiger story, for there is an alligator in it; so we had better call it a 'tiger-and-alligator story.' It happened in this way. Just outside of an Indian village there was a jheel. Now a jheel is a ravine between two hills, which is as dry in winter as a Hebrew money-lender's heart, and full up during the monsoons.

This jheel was very close to a small river, a tributary of the Ganges; when the river periodically overflowed its banks during the rains it became one with the jheel, and on these occasions the denizens of the river usually took it into their several heads to pay a casual visit to the jheel. Now, one evening, a villager went to the jheel to have a wash. He may have needed it for all I know; history is silent on the matter, so I am unable to incorporate the reason into this veracious narrative. At any rate, he did go to have a wash, though the water was as muddy as a Yorkshire schoolmaster's brains. He entered into the jheel right up to his neck and began to disport himself like a porpoise. Now a tiger, having seen him thus engaged from the top of the hill on the same side of the jheel, began to stalk his prey by stealthy creeps. Having come to a right distance, the brute gave a leap toward his prey. But alas! the tiger was no mathematician; he evidently had neglected the study of dynamics in his school-days (perhaps it was the fault of his parents in having sent him to a cheap institution).

At all events, he failed to recognize the fact that since his prey was much lower than himself in relative altitude, a leap of the right strength for a horizontal range would carry him beyond his mark when there was an angle of depression; consequently he fell ten feet on the other side of the bather.

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Now it happened that, in the meantime, an alligator had also seen the villager from the opposite side of the aforesaid jheel, and, thinking that his dinner-time had arrived, began to draw a bee-line under water toward the bather. When he thought that he had almost come upon his prey (for he could not see very well under water as it was so muddy) he heard a great splash just in front, and thinking it was a case of 'now or never' (as the bather might be intending that splash for a final gambol preparatory to departure) he made a dash and brought his enormous jaws down upon—the tiger's paw!

At first the bather nearly fainted with fright when he saw the tiger fall on the water. He could not, however, understand for a few moments why the tiger did not turn round to devour him. What was the meaning of this strange, untigerlike conduct? And why on earth did the tiger persist in keeping one of his paws under water, and beat the water savagely with the other, uttering horrible growls all the time? Most mysterious of all, the water began to turn red! Then all at once, as the frantic assaults of the tiger became more furious and his growls developed into roars, the huge tail of an alligator reared up out of the water just in front of the tiger. The bather realized the situation, fled up the hill, and climbed the nearest tree. When he found himself safe he had a second desire to faint away at the very thought of his narrow escape, but on second thoughts he determined with a strong effort to retain his senses and see the whole business through.

The obvious intention of the alligator was to pull the tiger down under water and drown the beast; so he worked toward this sole end. The tiger understood the benevolent purpose, but tried to frustrate the scheme by beating the snout of the alligator with the other paw. But, alas for him! the said snout was well under water, consequently he left much of his force behind on the surface of the water. At length his struggles became feebler and feebler; then he disappeared altogether from sight, blowing bubbles like poor Clementine.

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I am not going to say a word in praise of my third story. I am so satisfied with it that I shall leave it entirely to the conscience of the reader to do that when he mentions it to his friends; but I would earnestly exhort him to follow my example and stick to the truth, and not try to improve it by unnecessarily drawing upon his imagination in order to supplement these authenticated facts. The event I am about to record occurred to the shikari with whom the reader has already been made acquainted. This man was a bit of a contortionist. He explained that to me by saying that in his early childhood he had been intended for the noble profession of jugglery, and had gone through its elementary principles. He took to shikar eventually as it was more congenial to his taste. Besides this fact, it will be necessary for the sake of my story to mention a certain peculiarity of tigers. It is admitted by most experts, among others by professional tiger tamers, that this ferocious beast is at heart an arrant coward, and seldom dares, unless rendered desperate, to attack a strange and unknown animal, especially if it appears to be large. Having given these necessary explanations, I proceed with the story.

Our friend the shikari, when not actually engaged in hunting, would often go for long strolls in the fields just to keep himself in trim. One day he happened to wander out farther than usual; the country was rather open, with an occasional tree here and there; it was also undulating, so that as he walked along he would sometimes disappear from sight below a ridge, and then appear again on the next. On this eventful day, just as he reached the top of a mound, what was his dismay to see a tiger right ahead of him, and not more than five or six hundred yards away! Before he could hide himself below the mound, the tiger had caught sight of him, and began to bound along toward him at top speed. Having no means of defense, there was nothing for him to do but to start a race toward the nearest tree. The tiger, however, was by far the better runner of the two, and was visibly gaining on his competitor. The shikari realized that long before he could reach the goal the tiger would be upon him, and he would "be no more."

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What on earth was he to do? In sheer desperation he resolved upon a desperate scheme as his last and only resource. Just as he disappeared from the tiger's sight for an instant over a ridge, he halted, stretched out his legs at right angles, curled down his head between his legs so as to look to the rear, and extended his arms upward far and wide in a fantastic manner, like the sails of a windmill. The tiger hove in sight in a few seconds. At that instant the face of this object assumed a most hideous grimace; a prolonged unearthly yell was heard, such as had never before pierced the tympanum of a tiger, and the sails of the windmill began to revolve backward and forward as if a sudden whirlwind had burst upon the scene. The tiger recoiled—what was this? There stood a ferocious, star-shaped monster, gigantic against the sky. Its hideous head was situated in the most unprecedented manner in the very centre of its body—nay, its vice-like jaws, between which those fiendish roars were issuing, were actually placed above its two fiery eyes! Its limbs were furiously clamoring for action against him. And the man whom he had been chasing, where was he? Had he been already devoured by this terrible beast?

At this thought the tiger wavered, then turned and fled. If his dinner had already been eaten up, then what was the use of engaging in an unprofitable and doubtful fight with this savage mons——? At that instant a parting yell, which came rolling along like thunder, put a sudden end to the fleeing tiger's ratiocination.

I shall end this veracious chronicle with the narration of an event which might have cost the life of a valuable officer in Her Majesty's forces in India. At the time of this episode, Captain Mc——, of the —— Bengal Lancers, was on a visit to a civilian friend in a certain town in Rajputana. On the day following his arrival he happened to go for a quiet walk in the neighboring country, about a couple of hours before sunset. The place was hilly and precipitous. After he had gone some four or five miles he found himself in a narrow pathway by the side of a steep hill. It was no more than a ledge cut in the hill, and about four feet wide; on one side was a deep chasm, and on the other a sheer wall of solid rock. Along this path then he was walking, when, on turning a corner, he suddenly came face to face with a huge tigress. She had most evidently been asleep, and was at that moment arousing herself with a gentle yawn. It was too late to withdraw from the lady's chamber without observation; so the gallant Captain determined to stand his ground and brazen it out. She looked in a happy frame of mind, having evidently had her dinner—for this was no doubt her usual after-dinner siesta.

The Captain stood perfectly quiet with his eyes fixed upon her—not exactly inviting a conversation, but still in no way indicating any other feeling than that of pleasure at making her acquaintance, albeit it was done unconventionally. In his heart of hearts he sincerely wished that she would retire to a respectful distance and complete her nap. But she began to notice the intrusion and resent it. At all events, she took some few steps forward, and grabbed at the Captain with her teeth. Luckily for him she seized him by the flap of his coat just over the breast, so he was not hurt by the bite. But the tigress then began to shake him as a cat shakes a mouse, and thereby shook the senses out of him. The Captain was in a plight, for (as the Scotch minister had prayed the Lord to treat Napoleon) he was being shaken over the bottomless pit, and a fall would be as fatal as the tigress' onslaught.

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When he recovered consciousness, which was in a few minutes, he found himself flat on his back on the narrow ledge, with his feet dangling over the precipice. He opened his eyes and saw—not the tigress, but the sky above. Where was the tigress? He dared not move to investigate the matter, as she might be sitting at his very elbow, ready to—well, it was no use thinking of what she might do, so he closed his eyes again and remained motionless. After a few minutes he thought he heard a strange noise at a little distance, as if somebody was sneezing violently. Who was it? Was it some one who had come to the rescue and beaten the tigress off? No, it could be no human being that was sneezing, for, mingled with that sound, there were some low, disagreeable tigerish growls! It was the tigress herself! What was the matter? He slowly turned round and gave a furtive glance in that direction. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tigress slinking away, and sneezing most violently and making the most piteous grimaces. The truth dawned upon him like a flash of lightning—in the operation of shaking him his snuff-box had flown open, and the tigress had received the contents thereof full in her face!

That lady evidently objected to snuff. Perhaps she had never taken it before. At all events, it was a most disagreeable sensation to her, and drove away all thoughts of physiological research.—Cornhill.

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